The Literary Digest

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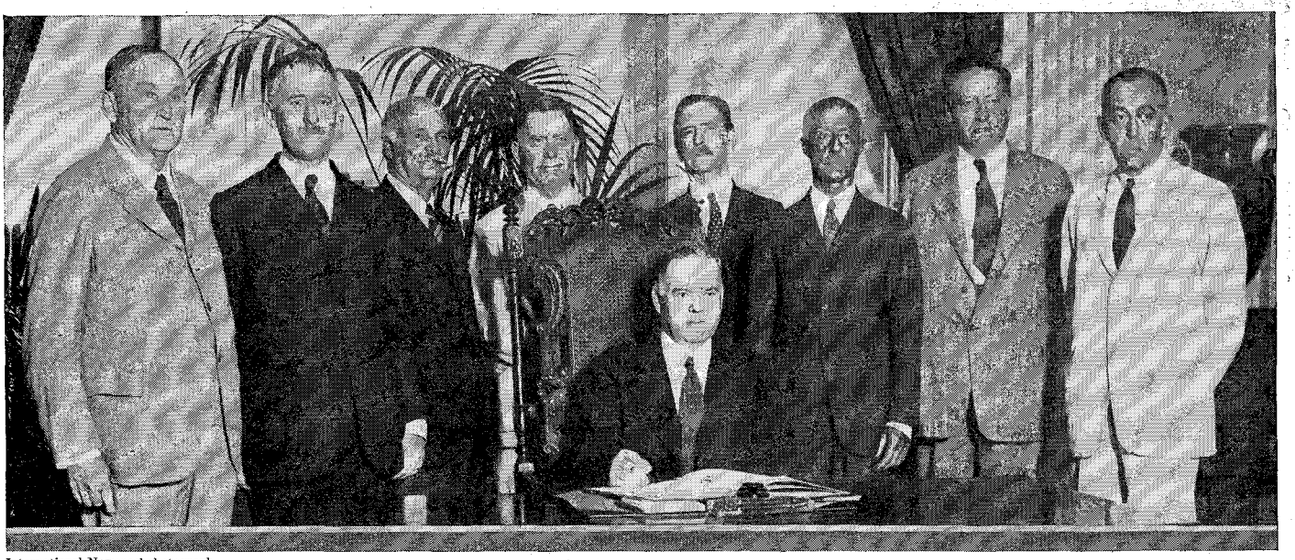
TOPICS OF THE DAY



International Newsreel photograph

President Hoover in the Hour of Victory: Signing the Naval Limitation Pact

With him, from left to right, are: Senator Robinson, Secretary of State Stimson, Vice-President Curtis, Senator Borah, Senator Swanson, Secretary of the Navy Adams, Senator Watson and Senator Reed.

Foes of the Naval Treaty Overwhelmed

"SO FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, I never was prouder of a fight in all my life."

With these words Senator Hiram Johnson accepted defeat as the stubborn battle waged by him and his little band of eight like-minded Senators against ratification of the London Naval Treaty collapsed beneath the crushing weight of fifty-eight protreaty votes. Thus ended "the sharpest treaty dispute since the Senate rejected the League of Nations Covenant."

Nor was the fight useless, Senator Johnson maintains, for "in this contest we have prepared perhaps for another conference in 1935, and perhaps we have been able to prevent some of the mistakes which have been made in London."

And the victors, too, recognize the fact that their victory is not conclusive—that other trenches are still to be taken in the long struggle whose objective is international understanding and relief for the taxpayers of the world from the growing burden of armament. Even President Hoover, to whom the press concedes a great personal triumph in the Senate's action, reminds us that this treaty merely lays "the foundations upon which further constructive reduction in world arms may be accomplished in the future." And his predecessor, Calvin Coolidge, remarks temperately: "On the whole, we have done well to ratify the Naval treaty. It is a most encouraging symptom of internal sanity."

President Hoover, however, has more to say for it than that. In his statement to the Washington correspondents, he declares:

"With the ratification by the other governments the treaty will translate an emotion deep in the hearts of millions of men and women into a practical fact of government and international relations.

"It will renew again the faith of the world in the moral forces of good-will and patient negotiation as against the blind forces of suspicion and competitive armament.

"It will secure the full defense of the United States. It will mark a further long step toward lifting the burden of militarism from the backs of mankind and to speed the march forward of world peace."

HE also points with satisfaction to the fact that "this great accomplishment in international relations received the united support of both parties." And his general satisfaction with the outcome seems to be shared by the great majority of our papers. "No wiser, probably no more hopefully beneficent treaty has ever been signed between powerful nations," remarks the Boston *Transcript*. "Another great step has been taken in the cause of world peace," says the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, and the Newark *Evening News* agrees that it represents "a firm step forward" in the direction of "international peace through understanding and agreement." It is "a step in advance for civilization," avers the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*. To the Los Angeles *Times* it means a great advance toward "international peace, stability and prosperity." It is "a victory for better understanding among the Powers," says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. The Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* sees in this treaty "the most honest and hopeful movement ever organized to turn the tide of a rising militarism, to allay international fears, and to accustom the nations to believe in peace and reason."

The Senate's action, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "is gratifying to the great body of the American public." Moreover, notes the New York *Telegram*, "it is evidence of the common sense and

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peaceful intentions of the American people, and will be accepted as such by foreign nations." The Minneapolis *Tribune* hails the treaty as "a brilliant political bargain for the United States"—a view which is shared in France by the Paris *Temps*, which sees the United States as "undoubtedly the principal beneficiary." As the Raleigh *News and Observer*, owned by former Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, sees it, "the outstanding importance of the treaty is that it is a formal abdication by Great Britain of its century-old claim to be 'mistress of the seas.'" And the Grand Rapids *Herald* quotes Senator Robinson, one of our delegates to the London Conference, as follows:

"The treaty gives the Navy of the United States a much better relative position with respect to the navies of Great Britain and Japan than it occupied at the time of the conference.

"The result of the limitations imposed by this treaty will give the Government of the United States, in so far as the Navy is concerned, far more sea power than it possest during the period when there was no limitation, when this Government was entirely free to build as many ships of any class as she chose to build."

What We Suspect Will Happen When This Fellow Arrives at the Pearly Gates

—Thiele in the Wichita "Beacon."

PURELY hostile comment we find chiefly in Mr. Hearst's papers, where the conviction persists that the British and Japanese "put something over" on our delegates. Thus the New York *American* refers to the treaty as "a pact prepared by Japan and Great Britain, limiting the size of weapons on American cruisers to six-inch guns."

Another section of editorial opinion applauds the treaty for what it accomplishes, but complains that it does not accomplish enough. "The pact is a step in the right direction, but it does not go far enough," says the Troy *Record*, which asks "what, then, is ahead for peace?" and continues:

"Let us remember that all we have done thus far—taking for granted the ratification of the treaty by the other Powers—is to draw lines far beyond any immediate plans of any of the respective governments and say: 'There shall be no construction beyond these boundaries until after January 1, 1936. Further negotiations will deal with later periods.' And the nations are thereby permitted to extend their budgets to the limits named in the treaty, but compelled to keep within them.

"If the more extravagant plans of naval chiefs were carried out during the coming five years much money would be saved to each nation.

"But probably little or nothing has been saved; for the spirit of peace prevails and the Big Navy ideas were being tempered by public opinion.

"It is, then, the future that concerns us more than the present. Will the London pact lead to further restrictions; or will 1936 mark a renewal of the undetermined race for larger sea armaments? That is the question that concerns civilization to-day."

"There is no doubt that the treaty is disappointing if it is to be judged by the standards set up by President Hoover a year ago," remarks the New York *World*—

"The unquestionable fact is that it authorizes an enormous American building program in the course of the next six years; and if the United States intends to achieve in fact that theoretical parity which it has demanded in principle, this expensive building program will have to be carried out.

"Senator Wagner is on firm ground when he says that if the object of the conference was what President Hoover said it would be, the outcome is 'a feeble treaty, a weak and insufficient instrument.'

"Nine-tenths of the negotiations at London had to do with the relative positions of the British, French, and Italian navies.

"These negotiations failed to reach a conclusion. As a result the British took a gamble for a few years on the prospects of France's actual as distinguished from her theoretical building. That gamble, hedged by the famous and, as Senator Wagner pointed out, the badly drawn 'escalator clause,' is the foundation of the London treaty."

And in the Baltimore *Sun* we read this informing summary:

"The public should take care neither to overvalue nor undervalue what has been achieved.

"When all the signatory nations shall have ratified, there will be a halt for six years in competitive naval building among the three major Powers—the United States, Great Britain, and Japan—and the setting up of certain restraints effectual also for France and Italy.

"The important bird in hand is the halt in naval competition among the three principal naval nations. At Washington, in 1922, the Hughes policy succeeded in putting a stop to competitive building in so-called capital ships. But for eight years the naval nations were in a turmoil over so-called auxiliary ships, that is, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. The present treaty completes the work begun in Washington."

HOWEVER, adds *The Sun*, after asserting that "these three navies are set at limits far higher than is necessary for nations which have given their promise to renounce war," the "end of the fight for sanity in naval establishments is far off." Then:

"But, facing all that, we to-day may take comfort in that sanity gradually has been eating into militarism, and the advantage is now with the peacemakers."

How the World's Three Principal Navies Compare under the London Treaty

From the New York Herald Tribune Washington Bureau

The London Naval treaty limits the three principal navies of the world to these tonnages:

	United States	*Great Britain*	*Japan*	*Ratio*
Capital ships	462,400	474,750	266,070	10:10.3:5.8
Aircraft carriers	135,000	135,000	81,000	10:10 :6
*Cruisers with larger than 6-inch guns	(18) 180,000	(15) 146,800	(12) 108,400	10: 8.1:6
†Cruisers, 6-inch guns	143,500	192,200	100,450	10:13.4:7
Destroyers	150,000	150,000	105,500	10:10 :7
Submarines	52,700	52,700	52,700	10:10 :10
Total	1,123,600	1,151,450	714,120	10:10.2:6.3

*Subject to the option that the United States and Great Britain may duplicate each other's cruiser fleets, and the condition that the United States undertakes not to build the last two of its 8-inch cruisers before 1938.

†Subject to a 10 per cent transfer latitude between "small" cruiser and destroyer categories.

In view of the present condition of the three navies, the London treaty permits the following new tonnage to be laid down during the life of the agreement:

	United States	*Great Britain*	*Japan*
Capital ships			
Aircraft carriers	44,914	19,650	12,130
Big-gun cruisers	*80,000		
Small-gun cruisers	*87,000	177,350	35,655
Destroyers	150,000	113,819	33,795
Submarines	39,650	20,105	7,200
Totals	401,664	330,924	88,780

*Assuming eighteen 8-inch-gun cruisers will be built.

†Including about 15,000 tons to be replaced while under age.

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A Midsummer Chase of Reds

"YOU MAY MURDER US, but you will never succeed in crushing the Communist party."

The speaker was Richard B. Moore, Negro porter and Communist candidate for State Senator, and those he addrest members of the Congressional Committee headed by Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., which is investigating Communist activities here.

"American workers will not submit to your tyranny," continued Moore, an eloquent and graceful figure, the New York *World* tells us, "despite the trousers rolled up around his knees, the shirt open at the throat."

"If this be treason," he said, "make the most of it. You gentlemen from the South may be interested to know there are no lynchings or pogroms in the Soviet Union. Send your own damned effete parasitic sons to the next war. We'll tell you to go to hell. We'll turn the guns against the bosses."

Thus "Reds in camps boo Fish Committee," as the New York *Times* head-line has it. The committee, it seems after a week of hearings in New York City, in which the affairs of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, the Soviet commercial agency here, were closely scrutinized, decided to have a close-up view of American Communists, by visiting two of their camps near Newburgh, New York.

"At both Camp Nitgedaiget, which means 'Don't Worry,' and at Camp Unity," writes a correspondent of the New York *Times*, "members of the committee were met with boos, jeers, catcalls and denunciations as hundreds of Communists staged what they called 'protest demonstrations' against the 'Fascist fishing expedition.'"

At Camp Nitgedaiget, we read further:

"The Congressional party was about to leave the grounds, when Representative Nelson noticed a crowd in a meadow about half a mile distant. The wail of a siren suddenly resounded through the camp. It sounded suspiciously like an alarm.

"'Oh, that's the call for lunch,' said Morris Yudin, camp manager, reassuringly.

"Representative Nelson inquired whether the committee might be permitted to visit the congregation.

"'Certainly. Why not?' replied Yudin with an air of genuine hospitality.

"The party descended a winding road to the mess hall, and there, on a meadow with an improvised platform, pandemonium broke loose from about 300 Communists in all styles of bathing attire. Many of them wore only short trunks.

"'This meeting is called as a protest against the Fascist Fishing Committee,' began Jack Perilla, a short, red-haired Communist with drooping shoulders. 'I would like to say to the committee, first of all, that they are here by our sufferance, that they are on private property. They ought to understand this, for they are supposed to have respect for private property.'

"A hurricane of boos punctuated this preamble. Perilla, who is State campaign manager for the Communist party, charged that 'the investigation of the committee was begun because they are preparing an offensive against the working class.'

"'An attempt is being made to suppress the Communist party, and the revolutionary trade unions, because the workers are rallying to their standards more than ever before,' Perilla declared."

International

Reds Getting Redder

From sunburn. A scene at a Communist camp near Newburgh, New York.

TURNING to the committee hearings proper, we find Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, declaring that "for the sake of helping American corporations to do business with Soviet Russia, the American government was jeopardizing the interests and safety of the United States by being too lenient with Communist agents and representatives of the Amtorg."

Grover Whalen, former New York City police commissioner, we read in *The World*, "defended the authenticity of the documents he made public last May, accusing the Amtorg Trading Corporation, Soviet commercial agency, with political activity. Furthermore, he offered to prove the genuineness of those 'original photostats' by bringing the police undercover operatives who obtained them before the committee in executive session. Not only the lives of the men, he declared, but their families' lives would be endangered if their names became public."

After Peter A. Bogdanov and John Ohsol, chairman and vice-chairman of the Amtorg, had been examined, Representative Fish challenged their right to remain in this country.

WARNING was given by Bogdanov that unless the charges that Amtorg has been spreading Communist propaganda are investigated and found baseless, "the United States will lose its sixth best foreign customer—one which bought more than $107,000,000 worth of goods in 1928-29."

What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. What is "Calamity Jane"? (p. 34).
2. What sends many skilled workers into crime? (p. 19).
3. Are all insects our enemies? (p. 29).
4. Is it better to be normal or abnormal? (p. 30).
5. Is the professional woman lost to romance? (p. 18).
6. Why is the two-dollar bill considered unlucky? (p. 40).
7. Does the Ford worker save or go in debt on $7 a day? (p. 8).
8. Does lightning ever heal the sick? (p. 27).
9. How much money do foreign tourists spend here? (p. 43).
10. Will England adopt our "no foul" boxing rule? (p. 38).
11. Name eight simple machines used in the home. (p. 29).
12. How long did it take Bobby Jones to win twelve major golf titles? (p. 35).
13. Is the classic zigzag thunderbolt an error? (p. 30).
14. Is the old-fashioned home gone forever? (p. 18).
15. When were French *poilus* coldly received in Paris? (p. 13).
16. What new movie is inspired by prison riots? (p. 15).
17. What country is raising its girls to be soldiers? (p. 14).
18. Does religion pay as a cash proposition? (p. 20).
19. Do roadside religious mottoes save souls? (p. 20).
20. What is the prospect of a U. S. of Europe? (p. 10).

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Living on Ford's $7 a Day

THAT MORE OR LESS ENVIED EMPLOYEE—"the guy that works for Ford"—steps up again in his old rôle of Exhibit A to bid for the world's interest.

This time the world hears all about what he does with his money, the $7 minimum wage which he receives every day, five days a week.

Prosaic as it may seem, as the Ford workman's wife sits in her home and tells expert government investigators how much she spent last year for salt pork and prunes, house dresses and baby rompers, she is, nevertheless, a person of power and prestige. Not an obscure Detroit housewife, but a world figure. For upon her answers may depend in large degree the economic fate of Ford workers in twelve foreign countries.

Henry Ford, it seems, has decided to give his employees in foreign lands the equivalent of the Detroit $7-a-day wage, a decision which stirs the interest of many American editors and whips European manufacturing centers into high excitement. Is Ford about to start a social revolution? Will his introduction of a high living standard for his European workmen be the leaven for that Continent's industrial mass?

To work out an equivalent wage scale for the benefit of the European, as we are told, it has been necessary to find out in detail, not only the relative cost of living in Detroit and in the European cities under consideration, but also just how the Detroit worker expended his wages and how his needs and desires differ from a similarly placed European worker.

This task was undertaken by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, whose findings, printed in *The Labor Review* of the United States Department of Labor, tell us exactly what the average Ford worker does with his $7-a-day wage. One hundred "typical" families were studied. Armed with a schedule containing 480 items, the conductors of the survey piled up data which provide unusually interesting reading and material for speculation.

To many it may come as a surprize that this typical Ford worker doesn't quite manage to keep himself clear of debt, for the report shows him $7.96 on the debit side.

"The measurement thus obtained is to be applied to a study by the International Labor Office of living costs in twelve European countries, where Ford plants are or will be," explains the Newark *Evening News*, after asking "How big a revolution is Henry Ford starting?" "The purpose," it goes on, "is to determine actually what wage will give the worker in Paris or Copenhagen, Cork or Istambul, a purchasing power equal to the Detroit worker's." Then:

"It will be the world's first actual comparison, in food, rent, clothing, and other items, of its varying economic costs and their relation to wages.

"It is bound to open eyes, and far-reaching consequences can not fail to flow. What Ford pays, on such a basis of comparison, his competitors and eventually all industry in affected areas will pay, but that is only one side of the picture.

"For his minimum wage, Ford will demand, as here and in his tractor factory in Cork, mass production and an output per worker also equivalent to the Detroit standard. European labor will have to shake off leisurely habits and take its pace from the machine.

"The result will be to put European labor on an equality with American labor in productivity as well as in earnings, in consumptive capacity as well as in contribution to things consumable. It will broaden markets, but also the means of supplying them."

THE possibility of a second industrial revolution in Europe as a result of the Ford plan is visualized by Willford I. King, professor of economics, New York University, who writes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"It must be granted that, in European industry, custom and inertia are strong and will not be overcome without difficulty. On the other hand, however, there is the growing feeling that something is wrong—a feeling exprest by the demand for 'rationalization.'

"Under the circumstances, may it not well be that the Ford object lesson will prove to be the little leaven which leavens the whole lump?

"May this not be the beginning of a second industrial revolution in Europe which will lift the masses of the people from the poverty plane to the comfort level?"

BEFORE going into details of how the Ford worker in Detroit spends his money, it may be well to give some general information about him, as gleaned from the report:

The family's home contains four or five rooms and bath, and faces on an improved street. It is rented.

Anthracite coal was somewhat of a luxury for these families, as only eighteen used it.

Thirty-six owned radios.

Seventeen owned washing-machines.

Eighty-seven carried life insurance.

Expenditure for dental work was incurred by sixty-two.

Most of the husbands shaved themselves.

Seventy-nine of the families were church supporters, contributing an average of $12.17 during the year.

There was an average of thirty-three visits to the movies by each of the 100 families.

All families took newspapers, and forty-eight reported magazines and periodicals.

Only five families had telephones.

Fifty-nine were buying articles on the instalment plan.

Quoting the report direct:

"The automobile is becoming more and more a part of the family equipment for recreation. Forty-seven of these working men's families owned cars. Seventeen families purchased automobiles, new or second hand, during 1929, and two families purchased their cars in 1928, but completed the payments in 1929. Upkeep on cars averaged $78.02 for the forty-seven families reporting this expense."

WITH an average income of $1,719.83 a year for an average family of 4.5, expenditures run like this:

	Annual Cost	*Percentage of Income*
Food	$556.12	32.3
Clothing	210.67	12.2
Housing	388.81	22.6
Fuel and light	103.20	6.0
Furnishings	88.55	5.2
Life insurance	59.16	3.4
Street-car and bus fares	37.40	2.2
Expenses of sickness	64.73	3.8
School expenses	6.41	.4
Cleaning supplies	16.64	1.0
Barber	12.37	.7
Miscellaneous expenses	175.77	10.2
Total expenses	$1,719.83	100.0

WHILE nineteen of the families "came out even" at the end of the year, living on their income but saving nothing, forty-four families had living expenses above their income, and closed the year with an average deficit of $130.74. On the other hand, thirty-three families were able to make an average saving of $133.96.

The expenditures for clothing are illuminating, and it may surprize readers to learn that husbands spent more for this item than did their wives, the expenditures being $63.59 and $59.21, respectively, with $87.87 going for children's clothing. For an idea of how husband and wife dress, we borrow from the report:

"On an average the husband appears to buy a felt hat once

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in about every two years, a wool suit every two and one-half years, an overcoat every seven years, and a sweater or 'lumberjack' every three years.

"Five shirts, two ties, two cotton union suits, fourteen pairs of cotton socks and one pair of silk or rayon socks, one pair of garters, two pairs of shoes, two pairs of leather work gloves and nine pairs of cotton work gloves were purchased by each husband, on the average during the year.

"The men's felt hats cost on an average $3.68 each, the caps $1.41; the wool suits, $27.43; overcoats, $23.75; cotton shirts, $1.14; cotton union suits, $1.34; cotton socks, 24 cents, and silk or rayon socks 54 cents a pair. High shoes averaged $4.23 and low shoes averaged $4.56 a pair; leather work gloves 39 cents, and cotton gloves 21 cents."

THEN we are told how the wives divided their clothing expenditures:

"The value of clothing for the 100 wives, $59.21 per year, absorbed 3.4 per cent. of all expenditures. For the wives 44 per cent. of their clothing expenditures was for outer garments, 26 per cent. for footwear, 15 per cent. for underwear, and 6 per cent. for headgear. From the standpoint of replacement of the principal articles of clothing, the wife purchased, on an average, a wool coat every two and one-half years, three hats every two years, a pair of cotton gloves every two years, and a corset and brassière every two years.

"During the year she purchased two dresses, four pairs of cotton stockings, four pairs of silk or rayon stockings, two pairs of shoes, three house dresses, two petticoats or slips, two pairs of bloomers, a nightgown, and a pair of house slippers.

"The wife's wool coat averaged in cost $25.09, the hat $2.55, cotton gloves 89 cents, corset $2.63, and brassière 53 cents. The cotton dress had an average cost of $1.74, and the silk or rayon dress $7.51, the cotton stockings 35 cents, and the silk or rayon stockings $1.00 a pair. The shoes averaged $4.27 for the low and $5.25 for the high shoes, the house dresses $1.04, the cotton petticoats or slips 76 cents, and the silk or rayon petticoats or slips $1.31. The cotton bloomers averaged 57 cents and the house slippers 98 cents."

International Newsreel photograph

Checking an Egyptian Mob

Native troops and civil police ready to use violence upon a crowd of riotous Nationalists. More than a score have been killed in recent outbreaks.

INASMUCH as food is the most expensive item in the family budget, it may be interesting to show just how such purchases were divided:

Item	Average Expenditure	Per Cent.
Milk and milk products	$120.83	21.7
Meat	104.37	18.8
Bread	54.20	9.8
Vegetables, fresh	36.59	6.6
Eggs	36.57	6.6
Fruits, fresh	32.90	5.9
Lunches and meals bought outside	19.68	3.5
Vegetables, dried and canned	14.59	2.6
Coffee	12.82	2.3
Flour and meal	10.37	1.9
Poultry	10.16	1.8
Sea food	9.50	1.7
Fruits, dried and canned	6.99	1.3
Ice	6.94	1.2
All other items	79.61	14.3
Total	$556.12	100.0

Roars from the Land of the Sphinx

WHAT AILS EGYPT?

Why this "nightmare" for Great Britain?

More than a score slain and hundreds injured—that was the toll of a series of riots at various points in Egypt up to July 21, the dispatches tell us. Analyzing the causes of these murderous outbreaks, our editors are inclined to be strongly sympathetic toward John Bull.

"Just as India shows some sign of calming down," remarks the Providence *News-Tribune*, "Egyptian nationalism begins to seethe."

The worst of the outbreaks occurred on July 15, when seventeen were killed and 400 hurt in Alexandria, and Great Britain, altho viewing the riots as "internal disorders," rushed two battle-ships to that port.

But a few days later, on July 21, we read, guerrilla warfare between the Wafdist (Nationalist) mobs and police and troops again broke out, this time at Cairo. The toll was six dead and 250 wounded, as we are told by the Cairo correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"In its superficial aspect," explains the Indianapolis *Star*, "the disorders mark an internal political struggle between the followers of King Fuad and those of the former Prime Minister, Nahas Pasha, whom the King forced out of office a month ago. Underlying the disorders, however, is the basic factor of Britain's relationship to Egypt. King Fuad favors a conciliatory policy. Nahas belongs to the extreme nationalists. He was largely responsible for the recent failure of negotiations looking toward a new Anglo-Egyptian treaty."

That the abdication of King Fuad is not an unexpected possibility appears in *The Herald Tribune's* Cairo dispatch of July 21, which tells of efforts to induce him to call Parliament into extraordinary session.

FOR a further analysis of this new crop of trouble in the land of the Pharaohs, we borrow from the New York *World:*

"Ostensibly this dispute is what Mr. MacDonald says it is: a purely internal issue for the Egyptians themselves to decide.

"The root of the trouble, however, lies outside of Egypt itself.

"It lies in the problem of defining a satisfactory relationship between Egypt and the British Empire. Dissolution of the Egyptian Parliament, followed by Nationalist demonstrations and riots, are merely the latest incidents in a long series of troublesome events arising from a conflict between nationalism and imperialism at the gateway to the Orient.

"The British Government is inevitably an active agent in Egyptian politics, despite its avowals of neutrality, for the reason that Egyptian politics turn exclusively on the question of an Anglo-Egyptian treaty. Behind the present controversy and its attendant riots still looms the problem of finding a compromise between nationalism and imperialism satisfactory to both Egypt and the empire."

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Can Europe Use Briand's U. S. E.?

ARISTIDE BRIAND, that strange blend of idealistic dreamer and practical politician, leans back in his chair, lights a fresh cigaret and turns to rest his tired eyes on the greenery of the quiet gardens of the Quai d'Orsay.

For this sixty-eight-year-old statesman, who would seem to be permanently France's Foreign Minister while Cabinets and

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The Mid-Victorian

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

Premiers shift, is engaged in what correspondents call one of the most difficult tasks any man ever brought on himself.

He is very busy these summer days sifting out the replies that have been piling up from the twenty-six nations of Europe, to which on May 17 he sent a memorandum asking for their views on his idea of a United States of Europe—the U. S. E. of the ubiquitous abbreviator. These replies have been so varied and bring up so many objections that press opinion in this country sharply divides on whether Europe is really for or against the Briand scheme.

The only common features in the replies, according to P. J. Philip, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, are:

"First, all these twenty-six nations declare themselves willing to attend the September meeting.

"Second, they all feel urgently that something must be done.

"Third, whatever is done, it must not derive from or be in opposition to the League of Nations, and it must not be directed against any other continent or group of nations."

THE revelation of so many diverse interests, suspicions, hatreds, rivalries in Europe leads many an editor here to shake his head in discouragement over the possibility of forming "a more perfect union" across the Atlantic. It seems to the Boston *Globe* that "it will be some time before a United States of Europe bursts through the shell of Mr. Briand's loudly heralded egg; indeed, by latest indications there is ground for strong suspicion that the chick will not so much as germinate." There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the plan will get anywhere, argues the Minneapolis *Tribune*, for—

"Seven factors militate against it. These factors may be enumerated as Britain, Germany, Italy, Russia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Lithuania.

"Britain does not wish to be embroiled in continental politics, and has no desire to back, with arms, a United States of Europe primarily created in the interests of France.

"Italy and Russia, similarly, have no sympathy toward a French-created United States of Europe.

"The European Powers that were vanquished and mutilated in the late war see in a United States of Europe only a perpetuation of conditions that they now deeply resent."

AND yet here is William Bird cabling from Paris to the Consolidated Press emphasizing the full support given by nearly every nation to the "general underlying idea" of the U. S. E. "The federation has by no means died aborning" insists the New Haven *Journal-Courier*. Several papers agree with the New York *Times* that "a conference seized of such a mighty project" may reveal "a clash of interests so sharp as to force a postponement," but "such a breakdown will not be accepted as definitive—the very difficulties revealed will be proof of the necessity of a solution."

Others have the feeling that Briand has a way of getting what he goes out after. As he once said in a debate: "I am a man of realizations." At any rate, Mr. Philip of the New York *Times* understands that Briand himself considers these replies encouraging. A New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent finds the replies received falling into three categories:

"Those rejecting the memorandum or accepting it with reservations on points of ulterior politics, those agreeing to the main points of the proposed political-economic organization, and those welcoming an economic consolidation, but hesitating about accepting a political federation."

THE most pessimistic comment has been aroused by the British, German, and Italian replies. Great Britain emphasizes the necessity of fitting the scheme with the League of Nations framework, declaring it difficult to see how the new organization could function without making confusion, and diminishing the efficacy and authority of the League of Nations bodies. Both Germany and Italy say that Russia and Turkey should be admitted. Germany also calls for the reform of intolerable conditions in Europe, which is thought to mean the revision of the Versailles Treaty. Italy declares for no distinctions between victors and vanquished in the late war and for disarmament as a preliminary to Federal union. The most enthusiastic group includes Poland, Belgium, the Little Entente, and the Austrian succession States.

UNITED STATES OF EUROPE
ONE PIECE SUIT DESIGNED BY ARISTIDE BRIAND
BRIAND
CLANK!
CLANK!
EUROPE WITH ITS OLD IRON-BOUND IDEAS OF HATREDS AND JEALOUSIES BETWEEN NATIONS

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The Biggest Job Is to Get the Old Suit Off

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

WHAT this country needs is a good five-cent tip.—*Macon News.*

IT isn't familiarity that breeds contempt for righteousness. —*Sacramento Bee.*

THIS is the season when many bright young men wish diplomas were edible.—*Pasadena Post.*

IF the Statue of Liberty had been placed at Chicago, she would have had both hands up.—*New Brunswick Pilot.*

AN old manuscript recently come to light says that Columbus was born in Milan, not Genoa. It does not, however, clear him of the more serious charge of discovering America. — *The New Yorker.*

THE main waste of the Arctic waste is all that good cold going to waste.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

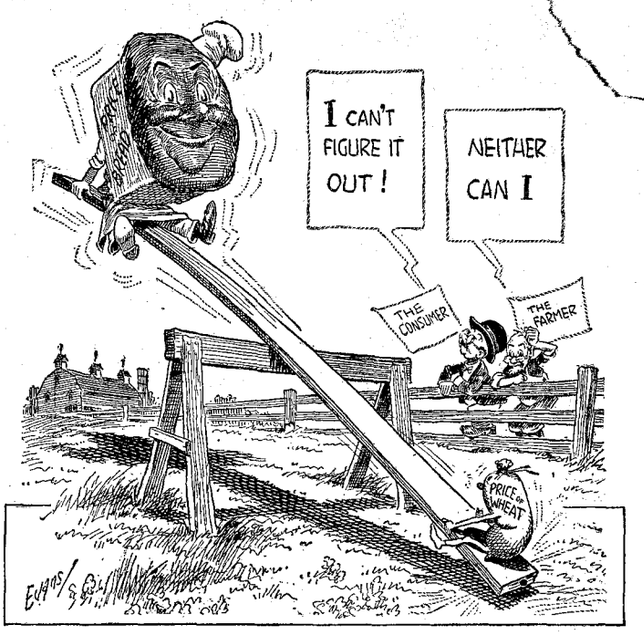
MOST foreign nations think Congress saw its duties and rather overdid them.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A REPUBLIC is a land that spends fifty thousand on a job and pays a committee seventy-five thousand to investigate it.—*Boston Post.*

PADEREWSKI says that no great poem was ever written by a syndicate. But give them time. The trusts are young yet.—*Wichita Eagle.*

ENTHUSIASM for a California girl who won a dish-washing contest is reserved until we learn whether she had any competition.—*Florence Herald.*

AMERICAN families which devote all their time, energy and money to keeping up with the Joneses ought to sympathize with the golf professionals. —*Virginian-Pilot.*



Page Professor Einstein

—Evans in the Columbus "Dispatch."

MANY a man's prediction of a world panic is based on the hole in his pocket.—*Dallas News.*

THE only hope now is that somebody will invent a way to use wheat in wall boards or tooth-paste.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

IT may be true that just now dollar bills go farther, but they're so forgetful about ever coming back.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT seems singularly appropriate that the position of the hands is about the same in holding either a harp or a steering-wheel.—*Louisville Times.*

A SEASIDE town proposes to have a carillon. Other coastal resorts rely on the hot weather to provide the peeling of the belles.—*London Opinion.*

A GLASGOW architect has abandoned his profession to become a Scotch comedian on the variety stage. He should be able to draw good houses.—*Passing Show.*

EVIDENTLY Chairman Huston, of the Republican National Committee, has no ambition to be known as a party worker "fired with zeal."—*Virginian-Pilot.*

IN a prenuptial contract a Virginia couple agreed never to make any claim to each other's property. Obviously there are two automobiles in that family.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE greased-pole race, once a hilarious feature at outings, seems to have disappeared. Here and there, tho, you see a stock-market victim painfully inching his way back.—*Detroit News.*

SOME of the family skeletons seem to have escaped, clad in bathing-suits.—*Tampa Times.*

IT makes a lot of difference whether your supply of bone is in the back or the head.—*New Brunswick Pilot.*

BIOLOGICAL NOTE: Wall Street takes them in as lambs and turns them out as goats.—*Florence Herald.*

FORTUNATELY for the members of the Farm Board, their salaries are not paid by the farmers.—*Dallas News.*

A MAN in Iowa wants a divorce from the wife who, he says, never told him the truth. But it is because their wives do tell them the truth that most men want a divorce.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

WHEN people clamor for a new religion, what they really want is a religion that isn't too religious.—*Peoria Star.*

SCIENTIST Says North Pole Has Shifted—Head-line. Well, we know one place it hasn't shifted to.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

DETROIT is connected with Canada by a tunnel, but we just wonder if it really shouldn't be called a funnel.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A HICK town is a place where Americans conduct their business in safety without bribing aliens to let them alone.—*Hartford Times.*

STALIN is going in for modern finance. He announces that Russia will pay back some of what it owes after the creditors will advance new loans.—*Dallas News.*

SOME one has remarked that raising bees will help the farmer. He might try. He is accustomed to being stung by most everything else he raises.—*Crane American.*

COLONEL LINDBERGH may have to give up some of his night flying now to do a little night walking.—*New Brunswick Pilot.*

IT's no wonder the underworld is so rotten when you observe the kind of important citizens it pals with.—*Chico (Cal.) Record.*

WELL, we've read a couple of Mr. Coolidge's columns, but for the life of us we can't see anything funny in his stuff.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

MINIATURE putting is all right, but what we want is a game where you sock the ball every time and walk only six feet. —*Chicago Journal.*

AT this time of year our grandmothers used to be putting preserves in the family jars. We still have the family jars. —*St. Joseph News-Press.*

PERHAPS Claudius H. Huston could give the Post-office Department a tip on what to put on its postage-stamps.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

IN justice to the Republican party let it be said that the "high moral plane" its leaders went in for never contemplated any endurance flights.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FISH, we are told, is not really brain food. Any angler, however, is a proof that medium-sized specimens have an extremely stimulating effect on the imagination.—*The Humorist.*

FASHION fiat says milady's hose should be in harmony with her hat. But, just for the purpose of being captious and contrary, suppose milady is wearing a garden hat?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

German Politics Sizzling

NATIONALISM, FASCISM, AND COMMUNISM must get a thorough beating in the coming German elections of September 14, say some German editors, for if not, then the German Republic will have another Reichstag made up of a mixed-pickle medley of parties out of which no working coalition can be formed.

The political battle is already sizzling in Germany, we learn from Berlin Associated Press dispatches, which remind us that it began after the Reichstag had been dissolved when it attempted

A German Wail

"Making the unborn guiltless bear the guilt."
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

to thwart the program of financial reform submitted by the Bruening Cabinet.

Until the elections, Chancellor Heinrich Bruening and his colleagues will govern the German Republic under the emergency dictatorial powers conferred by Article 48 of the German Weimar Constitution.

Meanwhile, it is related, Chancellor Bruening and his Finance Minister Hermann Dietrich will be free to push through the measures they consider necessary for putting Germany's finances in order. One of these is the tax on bachelors featured in these pages a couple of weeks ago.

Amusing it is to find some German correspondents picking out a touch of American color in the election preliminaries, as shown in the act of the Prussian Government in putting "an embargo on guns, brass knuckles, and bowie knives for the duration of the campaign."

Amid all the turbulent emotions agitating Germany's young Republic, various writers note, President Paul von Hindenburg, Germany's great soldier and chief executive, is the center of attraction.

Yet one of his greatest admirers, the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, is in no pleased frame of mind, when it says:

"Every psychologist must see that elections held during an interval of financial stringency and newly imposed burdens can result only in Socialistic victories, redounding to the benefit either of the extreme Marxians or their opponents, the National Socialists."

THIS Berlin daily, sometimes called "the monarchical organ of Hohenzollern principles," urges a new political policy for Germany. This new policy, it declares, must be based upon a total repudiation of the idea that Germany is "to go on paying tribute" through the medium of the Young plan or any other similar plan. The "policy of fulfilment," it asserts, "means slavery." But the *Frankfurter Zeitung* retorts hotly:

"If from mere wishing for a thing, aspirations are made realities by longing dreams only, if people can not see that the World War was lost, then indeed is all mere blind declamation.

"It is much to be desired that many who do not know it, or who do not want to know it, would ascertain definitely from the words of the President of the Republic how important it is for the sake of the reconstruction of a new German State, that memories of the war be founded upon a sense of reality.

"Any true recollections of the war must begin with a perception that we lost it.

"The President of the Republic in his public and published words has made no concealment of the fact that just because the war was lost the generation now on the scene and the one to follow must make sacrifices."

Hindenburg's situation to this democratic organ of the moderate school is that of a man between two sets of extremists. One seeks repudiation of the war debts by Germany—a refusal to pay "tribute" as reparations. The other set of extremists wants a Socialist State on strictly Marxian lines.

If we are to accept the judgment of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Hindenburg is revealing himself as the grandest old man in the history of any people:

"If it be affirmed that to all who need to be taught a lesson Hindenburg has set a great example of clear insight and of response to the concept of duty, there is much turning up of noses among the extreme radicals and a lively anxiety among the conservatives.

"Many in recent weeks have noted how on three distinct occasions Hindenburg struck out into the hardest paths of duty.

"First was his course when urgent taxes were imposed.

"Then, he did not turn his back upon the Young plan, asking for it no more than the support of a parliamentary majority.

"Finally, he gave the financial measures of the Cabinet a thoroughgoing approval and support.

"Yet the observers who followed the progress of these events ventured to drag the personality of Hindenburg into the debates in an improper way.

"They tore him to pieces in the arena of debate.

"They pulled him apart for their party purposes.

"Time was when each of them drove his nail into the wooden statue of Hindenburg.

"To-day, when the figure is of even better wood than ever, better than they suspected once, they hasten, like howling and yelling Indians, to shoot their poisoned arrows."

THAT the Republican forces of Germany fear the new national crisis will make it easy for the radical and reactionary elements to open fire on parliamentary government, we learn from Guido Enderis, in a Berlin wireless to the New York *Times*. He adds:

"An effort to break up the German party system through an appeal to the electorate is expected to be undertaken by President von Hindenburg.

"It has been suggested that he will seek to persuade three or four of the bourgeois groups to level party fences and join in organizing the patriotic citizenry into a non-partizan movement which would give the parliamentary election a new significance through the election of Deputies who are not party servants."

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French Regret for the Rhine

MANY FRENCH MISUNDERSTAND the evacuation of the Rhineland, we are told.

Instead of seeing it as the definite ending of the war in an Allied victory, they look at the departure of their soldiers from German soil as a sort of German victory, or at least as a French retreat.

No fanfare of bugles or beat of drum welcomed the homecoming *poilus*.

Some non-German editors are rather peeved at France's air of chagrin. If there are risks to be run from a free Germany in a divided Europe, they say, it is better to accept them frankly. The fundamental facts can not be changed, they argue, by dragging on for a few more years a state of affairs that is "accidental, temporary, and abnormal."

Vigilance there should be, but it is declared that there should be an end to perpetual suspicion and apprehension.

Also there should be no regret, it is maintained, over what was unavoidable, and might have been welcomed not as a diplomatic defeat but as a diplomatic triumph—"a triumph for sweetness and sanity in international life."

Such is the opinion of a famed commentator on European affairs, Sisley Huddleston, Paris correspondent of the London *New Statesman*.

In trying to analyze the French frame of mind about evacuation of the Rhineland, he remarks:

"By a curious paradox and perversity of sentiment (as it seems to me) there are Frenchmen who would have positively liked to stay on the Rhine. They regarded the burden as light, and even pleasant.

"Others doubtless took the occupation as a grave obligation undertaken in the interest of European peace; and they still believe that European peace depends on the Rhineland occupation, and are accordingly perturbed at the evacuation.

"They can not easily change their minds and their methods; for them a few thousand soldiers on German territory are worth more than the policies of Locarno and of Geneva, are a better protection than the Kellogg pact, the Young plan, or the projected European Federation—or perhaps are a guaranty of these things.

"Sometimes one is tempted to think that pacts and plans and projects are not taken with sufficient seriousness. If they are not as solid a defense as a few thousand soldiers, why do we hear so much about them?

"The Government, of course, realized that it could not have it both ways; it had to choose between Mr. Briand and General Guillaumat, and, eventually, it chose Mr. Briand.

"Yet the Government and Mr. Briand himself have been singularly reticent about the evacuation, and nobody, with the possible exception of the Socialists who have raised some feeble cheers, seems disposed to organize festivities on the French side as a counterpart to the German festivities.

"Surely, if the evacuation has been well considered, it should bring just as much relief to the French as to the Germans. Apparently, however, even those who have fully acquiesced in the Briand policies, who have applauded them, are uneasy about the logical conclusion.

"They are glad that Mr. Tardieu, who is on the other side in politics, happens to be Prime Minister, and therefore takes the responsibility of the final decision, exactly as they were glad that Mr. Poincaré took earlier decisions which they had urged.

"If everything should not turn out well, then the radicals will not be to blame, altho it was a radical chief, Mr. Herriot, who first entered on the path of pacifism. All parties are now involved."

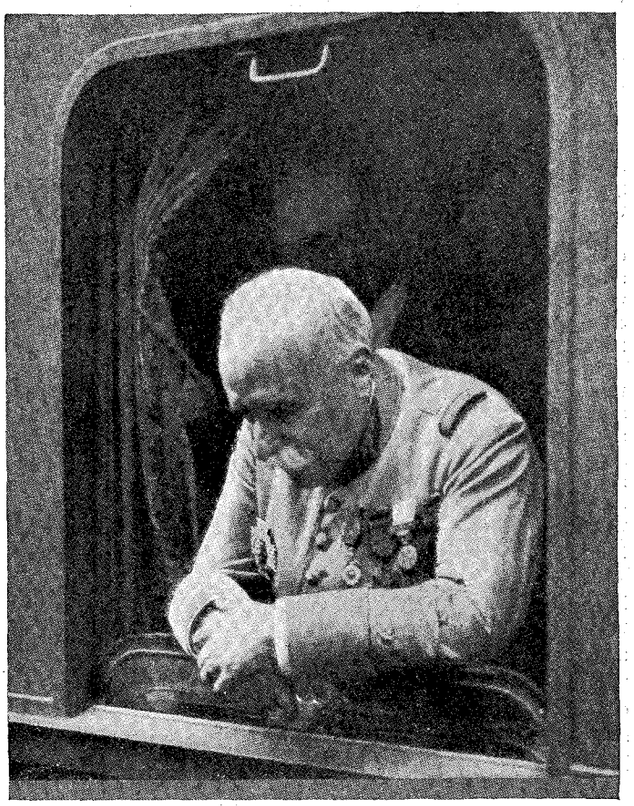
THIS is a half-hearted attitude, according to Mr. Huddleston, who believes that courage is no part of radical convictions. So it happened, we are told, that there was no popular reception of the returning French soldiers, no official review, no welcome, no jubilations.

This tangible evidence of the end of the war and of European settlement, which ought to have stirred France, if it is indeed the ultimate victory, was regarded coldly, thinks Mr. Huddleston.

Marriage Is Unpopular in Britain

THE NUMBER OF BRITISH OLD MAIDS is on the increase. Julian Huxley, the eminent physiologist, who discusses the matter in the London *Daily Mail*, Continental Edition, does not dispute the fact, which he apparently considers obvious.

The reason, he thinks, apart from the effects of the war, which will be only temporary, is an increasing reluctance toward parenthood, with the spread of ideas favoring birth control. Incidentally, as it is the intellectual class that marry late or never, he looks to see British women grow slowly more placid,



French General's Farewell to the Rhine

General Guillaumat, Commander-in-Chief of the French troops in the Rhineland, said: "The French Army leaves the Rhine with the tranquil conscience that is given by duty done to the end."

domestic, and unambitious. The British female who crosses deserts on camel-back and shoots lions in Central Africa will apparently, if we are to credit Mr. Huxley, ultimately fade away. He writes:

"The main reason, of course, why more women than usual are at the present time unmarried is that there is a temporary shortage of men over and above the normal slight shortage (a few per cent.) due to males being at all ages, and especially in childhood, a little more prone to die than females.

"It is the war that is responsible for this temporary shortage, and in the course of the next generation it will right itself again, since the proportion of male and female babies born is always the same within very narrow limits.

"But when all allowances have been made, it does appear that there is a certain reaction against marriage.

"The biologist is sometimes asked whether the cause of this change may not be an actual cooling of the sex impulse or an actual reduction in human fertility. I think the answer must be definitely in the negative. Interesting facts have recently come to light about the ups and downs of fertility in various lower animals, such as rabbits, foxes, rats, lynxes, and so on."

MANY such animals, Mr. Huxley tells us, go through regular cycles of population, first scarcity, then a gradual increase, up to overcrowding, then a sudden dying out, to scarcity again.

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Arms and the Soviet Woman

THE WORST CHARGE anti-Bolshevik onlookers have brought against the Soviet régime in recent months is its so-called militarization of Russian women.

That young Russian women in the prime of their charm and youth should be persuaded to spend their vacation in rough and brutalizing military training-camps seems shocking, especially to some French observers.

The gentle hand of woman that was designed to nurse wounds, they say bitterly, is now being trained to inflict wounds. In their opinion there are not many innovations of the Soviet Government so dispiriting as this raising of girls to be soldiers. For instance, a contributor to the Paris *Illustration* remarks,

"In the country of total freedom, which nevertheless has drunk largely of the blood of tyrants, militarism, as is well known, has thriven with paradoxical success.

"The first use made of their reconquered liberty by the enemies of all discipline was to bear arms and to snap their heels together with an emphasis quite disconcerting to the most bourgeois governments.

"Even the women have claimed their share in this special pleasure, and you can see them marking time and marching with a fervor of passive obedience that is not one of the least of surprizes to the impartial observer who follows the history of the Russian Revolution."

Rap photograph in *L'Illustration* (Paris)

Woman's New Weapon in Soviet Land

Soldiering gives her a new way to be perfectly killing.

THE citizen and the citizeness, pictured in the accompanying photograph, we read, are workers who are on their vacations. This year, it appears, the company for the development of the chemical and aviation industry in the Soviet Republics organized summer camps at Ivanono-Voznessensk.

These camps are reserved for artizans under certain conditions, we are advised, and the rates are extremely low. Three rubles, it seems, or a dollar and a half, cover all expenses for a stay of a fortnight. This is possible, it is explained, because the upkeep of the camps, and the support of the boarders is guaranteed by a budget provided by the directors of the company. It is further noted that:

"As a matter of fact, these vacation periods are regulated by the same minuteness of organization that is applied to all activities in modern Russia. One might say that the vacations are camouflaged periods of military instruction.

"Five hours of every day are set aside for the military instruction of men and women who have accepted the hospitality of the camp. This training includes not only physical exercises, marching and target practise, but also theoretic instruction.

"Only after they have been soldiers for five hours can the workmen and workwomen turn their thoughts to amusements and rest."

THIS contributor to the Paris *Illustration* finds something "sad and sinister" in the silhouette of the young woman seen here in an attitude of military training, and he proceeds:

"Here are hands already to open wounds that formerly had the noble mission of closing them.

"To habituate the mother of a family to the idea that her most sacred function is no longer to give life, but to deal out death, constitutes a social peril whose seriousness does not need to be emphasized."

State Versus Church in Malta

TO OVERCOME ALLEGED "INTERVENTION of the Vatican in the temporal affairs" of Malta, the British Government suspends the Constitution of the island.

Malta reverts to a Crown colony ruled by the Governor without a local Parliament or election machinery.

This is Britain's "bold expedient" for breaking the bitter deadlocked dispute between the Roman Catholic Church and the Malta Government, of which Lord Strickland was Premier, described in these pages of THE LITERARY DIGEST, June 21.

Lord Strickland, himself a Catholic, contended that there must be protection of the freedom of election against every outside authority. He could not continue to be minister of the Crown if he had to ask ecclesiastical "permission" before initiating a prosecution, or accept outside orders on penalty of organized ecclesiastical opposition at the next election. The Bishop's pastoral had warned the faithful that votes in Lord Strickland's favor would be sinful.

Pope Pius XI, however, insists that "at no time was any action of the Vatican or the Maltese Bishops intended to enter the field of politics." He discust the situation at length in his Allocution before the Secret Consistory creating five new cardinals. He declared that the present storm was not raised by the Holy See nor by the Bishops of Malta—restoration of calm and peace had been made impossible "by persons, by conduct, by facts, altogether independent of our will—indeed contrary to our will, because contrary to the interests of the Catholic religion." He added:

"Our intervention was always limited, according to the strictest conscientious duty of our pastoral office, to proclaiming and inculcating those principles and moral laws which no Catholic in his life and conduct may ever either get away from or ignore.

"In all this no one can reasonably see any undue interference with or diminution of liberty. No undue interference, for it is an essential duty of the apostolic commission not only to enlighten the intellect with teaching, but also to incline the will to the observance of the law."

ON the other hand, the London *Times* says, "not only was it clear that the Vatican fully sympathized with the partizan intervention of the prelates in local politics, but the British diplomatic representative to the Vatican was plainly informed that Lord Strickland was not regarded by it as *persona grata*, and that it could have no dealings with him. Thus the negotiation of a concordat, which had already been instituted with a view to defining the rights of the Church in Malta, was abruptly interrupted." Further, we read:

"The effect of the British Government's decision is to place all legislative and administrative authority in the Governor's hands.

"That the services of Lord Strickland are to be retained as an adviser is a satisfactory answer to the Vatican's demand for his removal. It was in the highest degree tactless, it was indeed intolerable, that a foreign State—for such is the Vatican to-day—should have coolly suggested, in a document officially published, that Lord Strickland should be 'peacefully eliminated from politics in Malta.'"

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The Prison as Entertainment

WALLACE BEERY makes wise-cracks, when he doesn't snarl, in "The Big House."

He is big, uncouth, a "seasoned gunman." The audience laughs at his cracks, for when they go to see a film, they go for entertainment, but the wise-cracks raise no laugh in his fellow prisoners.

"The Big House" is a realistic picture of prison life, and the riots at Auburn and at points farther west came in time to give Hollywood a variant on the theme of "The Criminal Code" and "The Last Mile."

The picture steps out into a class by itself, says Thornton Delehanty, in the New York *Evening Post*, "because it is distinguished by an authenticity in the direction and acting which gives it the stamp of importance." He continues:

"Purely as a documentary film, 'The Big House' should be ranked among the better achievements of Hollywood.

"It has what they call the 'feel' of its subject; it is impossible to see it without rousing to an uncomfortable degree a personal identification with the life of the prison.

"This is accomplished not only by the excellence of the photography and setting but by a brand of acting which results in a wide variety of incisive character studies, so that the prisoners themselves become credible and authentic beings.

"You share their lives, and you know something of the hardships and misery and despair which they seek to throw off in their sudden and engaging outbursts of horse-play. They become like the doughboys in the better screen dramas—'The Big Parade' and 'What Price Glory?'—recognizable types of which you are pleased to admit a sympathetic understanding.

"In the acting of 'The Big House,' it is Wallace Beery who runs off with the glory, tho Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery are good as different types.

"Beery, in his brawling, bullying way, epitomizes the underworld; he is the incarnation of a convict, and it is his motives and behavior in bringing about the desperate prison break which throw an interesting light on criminal psychology.

"The mutiny of the prisoners is indeed the big moment of 'The Big House,' and it is here that the skill of George Hill's direction is best illustrated. He handles his masses with fine effect; you become thoroughly aware of the frenzy which spreads like a flame from prisoner to prisoner, releasing their smoldering resentments and fanning them to a passion that is quelled only by the ultimate futility of escape.

"If 'The Big House' had only been able to complete itself in the vein of characterization and setting, it would have added immeasurably to its importance, and it would at the same time have destroyed whatever chance it had for a box-office success. There is no chance that the unadulterated horrors of a prison revolt could be sold as entertainment to any appreciable body of movie-goers.

"There must be romance and a touch of beauty, which is to say there must be a girl lurking around the prison bars. This admission of a plot is decidedly a weakening factor in 'The Big House,' for it pulls away the interest from the characters themselves, and adds nothing to the drama of the story."

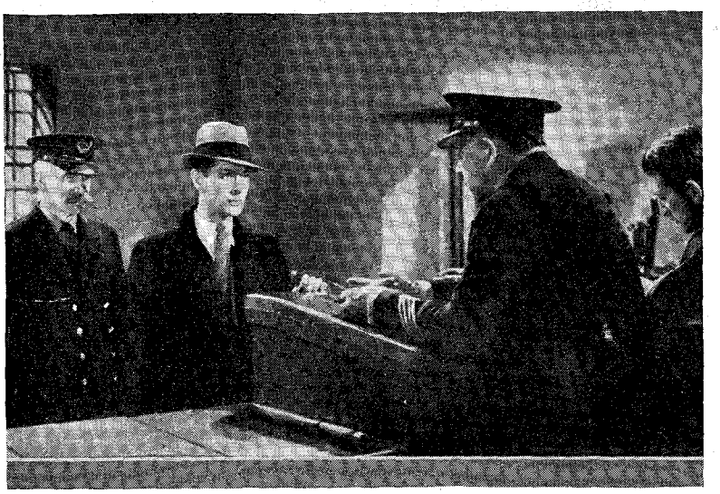
The "girl interest" can not be obtained without going outside the prison walls. Mr. Delehanty knows of no prison run on the coeducational plan. Going into the love-story, the character, as is common in reviewing, becomes the actor, for doesn't the movie audience know its story in terms of the movie star?

"In 'The Big House,' therefore, it is contrived to have Chester Morris fall in love with the sister of another prisoner. He sees the girl coming to visit her brother, and later, when he escapes from jail, he swiftly changes from a dangerous-looking thug to a pomaded parlor-snake.

"Having been double-crossed by the brother, it is his first intention to avenge himself via the sister, but a sight of the beautiful creature transforms him into an ardent wooer, and all thoughts of vengeance are lost.

"By the time Chester is caught and returned to prison, he and the girl have become engaged. Having brought the story to that point, it follows with painful obviousness, that Chester must in some manner honorably get out of jail, so that he can marry the girl; and to accomplish this, the authors make him the hero of the prison mutiny, permitting him to betray his fellow convicts and save the lives of the warden and the guards, in order to win a pardon.

"All of this is quite inconsistent with the character which Chester Morris portrays. It is inconsistent, too, with the temper of the picture, and exactly to that extent 'The Big House' fails to be truly great."



He Enters the "Big House"

Accidental killing was his "crime," but fate closes over him.

SOME further details of the picture, Mordaunt Hall of the New York *Times* recounts to show the excellent direction of George Hill:

"It is an insight into life in a jail that has never before been essayed on the screen. In showing the admission of a new convict, Mr. Hill knows just when to leave one scene and come to another.

"In an impressive sequence, the felons are seen at their midday meal.

"The camera travels from one face to another as the inmates reveal their dislike for the food. Then Karl Dane, who plays a convict named *Olsen*, is perceived enjoying the rations. *Butch* snarls at the keepers, and finally he becomes vociferous and starts most of the convicts tossing their tin cups, plates, and spoons in the air.

"Another series of scenes is in the chapel, with the minister saying the Lord's Prayer and leading the convicts in a hymn, one line of which is 'Open the gates,' which is shouted, or sung, with evident relish by the throng of gray-clad men.

"While the prisoners are on their knees, mumbling the prayer, one sees the leaders of the break for liberty passing revolvers.

"What adds considerably to the dramatic effect of this production are the imposing scenes in the prison yards, with hundreds of felons marching up to a certain mark, and then toeing it.

"*Butch* has his racing cockroaches, and the convicts gamble with packages of cigarets and tobacco. One insect moves on to the finish mark, but the other remains inert, and afterward it is discovered that the reason that this insect is left at the post is that it is stuck to the concrete paving with chewing-gum!"

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Life Among German Students

THE TIDE MAY SOME DAY TURN AGAIN.

In years before the war, many Americans went to study in German universities.

The bullet of Serajevo halted that, along with many other things.

There have been criticisms in the past, too, of the methodical routine of German education. But the very opposite, especially in the great liberties enjoyed by both professors and students, at the present time, impresses a French observer.

Paul Lenormand, looking across the Rhine, "without seeking to make comparisons," writes in *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris) that

Prisoners in Relaxation at a "Cockroach Race"

Fans will identify Wallace Beery and Chester Morris in this gambling scene.

"the first instruct and the second learn, to a great extent, just as they please." Here are some of the odd expressions of academic freedom:

"The professor regulates his own courses.

"The student, for his part, studies only those subjects which he thinks indispensable for his career. He is not bound to any set or regular attendance. He is merely judged by the results. In fact, he is free to choose his own university, his courses, and his instructors.

"If he sees fit, he can change his university as often as he pleases throughout the time of his studies.

"Not all branches of learning are taught in the German universities. The subjects treated *ex cathedra* are traditionally four in number: theology, law, medicine, and 'philosophy.' The last term comprises modern languages, history, and the natural sciences.

"As for the sciences called modern, such as architecture, engineering, commerce, or agriculture, these are taught in special establishments known as *Hochschulen* [equivalent to American college, not high-school]. It is only during the last few years that the diplomas conferred by these schools are as valuable to the recipient as the university parchment. There are forty-three of these *Hochschulen* in the Reich.

"Since 1919, the number of German students has more than doubled. It has also been necessary to start up three new universities. They are in Hamburg, Cologne, and Frankfort.

"To-day women are permitted to attend the universities with the same privileges as the men. And each year their number increases. Formerly they were practically isolated, to-day they count 13 per cent. of the entire number of German students."

LIVING in Germany is dearer than in France, points out Mr. Lenormand. The inflation period ruined many fortunes. Families could not provide for their children's education. Also funds and scholarships available to poor students were abolished. Students themselves had to work while pursuing their studies. Then the writer's eye turns westward:

"In the United States, the richest country in the world, 50 per cent. of the students who attend universities regularly do some sort of work, whereas the number in Germany amounts to but 10 per cent.

"But this is not the interesting phase of the question. The important thing is to learn how the German students reacted to a situation which permitted only the privileged few to go to college, a situation which was an actual menace to democracy.

"It is for this reason that a number of different organizations were formed which are worthy of attention, notably the *Wirtschaftshilfe der deutschen Studentschaft*, a cooperative organization to aid poor students in reducing their material cares. It was due to its efforts that forty-one *mensæ academicæ* were established in the universities.

"A *mensa academica* is a restaurant where one can procure a substantial meal at moderate prices, from 12 to 20 cents, consisting of soup, fresh vegetables, meat, and potatoes. This means at least two courses more than are served in the usual student restaurants run by private individuals. To illustrate the popularity of these establishments, they serve daily some three thousand meals, and it is estimated that at least one-third of the German students eat there regularly.

"But the activity of the *Wirtschaftshilfe* does not confine itself to culinary matters. It also concerns itself with the question of lodgings, securing employment, and safeguarding the health of its members. One of its services is to maintain, with the assistance of the police authorities, a list of vacant rooms which might interest students of modest means. Annually, some four thousand students find furnished rooms, thanks to the organization, at an average rental of ten dollars a month.

"What is more, students can avail themselves of the service of tailors, shoemakers, laundries, etc., all controlled by the organization, at prices varying from 20 to 30 per cent. less than those prevailing in the trade. Finally, numerous stores have signed contracts with the organization to sell to the students at cost.

"Lodged, fed, and clothed at reasonable prices, the students can also avail themselves of the services of cooperative printers, who print their theses, literary and scientific productions, etc. They can also purchase books, food, tobacco, and candy in special shops at low prices."

FOR those who receive no financial or insufficient financial assistance from home, employment bureaus have been established, and we are told further:

"While the universities are in session, the extra work done by the students usually consists of tutoring or clerical work. But during the vacation periods, when the universities close their doors, those who feel so inclined can procure work in farms or dairies, where their help is much in demand. In Berlin, in 1928, students who were given positions by these employment agencies augmented their earning capacity, during the vacation periods only, by more than $5,000.

"The *Wirtschaftshilfe* has also established translation centers where the local merchants can have their correspondence, etc., translated. The most important of these is in Leipzig, and it is well frequented. Foreign students, duly enrolled in German universities, have the same right to offer their services to these translation offices as their German colleagues. An example of liberalism which ought to be copied."

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The Cheap Book War

WITH THE TALKIES AT TWENTY-FIVE cents low, why a novel at $2.50?

So the talkies get the patronage.

"Paying two dollars and a half for a novel to be read once and given away or thrown away seems to the average reader an excessive cost, and deters many from buying."

The Commercial and Financial Chronicle (New York) thus states the case for the buying public. But there is much behind the scenes of book production that the public doesn't see.

When it reads that certain publishers are about to offer new fiction at $1 a volume, they feel themselves justified, and look askance at the old-guard houses, who refuse to join the ranks of the cheap sellers.

Publishers who refuse to cut prices are out with a reply, and the formerly closed book of the economics of the publishing trade the Publishers' Research Institute now throws open in a public statement:

"Assuming that the average number of 3,720 copies of a novel are printed and entirely disposed of, an assumption by no means warranted, the price of $2.50 on an original edition absorbs the initial expenses of publication, which are made up as follows: 14 cents for paper and printing, 17 cents for binding and wrapper, 21 cents for plates, 17 cents for advertising costs, and 39 cents for sales promotion, overhead and other expenses. After allowing the customary discount to jobbers and retailers and the average royalty of 32 cents which goes to the author, there is left a publisher's profit of only 6¾ cents.

"It is noted that the above analysis of the various items entering into the cost of a novel are based on the assumption that (1) every copy of this average original edition of 3,720 copies is sold, and (2) every copy is sold through the usual wholesale and retail channels of the United States, excluding from consideration sales to foreign countries or otherwise at less than the usual wholesale price.

"The study indicates that approximately 45 per cent. of the new books published each year never go past the original edition; the second and subsequent editions often amount to as few as 500 copies. No allowance is made for copies which must be given away for review and as samples, which also necessarily reduce the publisher's profits."

IT must be remembered that the cut in book prices applies to some novels, not all, even of those on the lists of the publishers who announce a reduction. And nothing is said of books not in the fiction class.

The start made with fiction, however, promises to have an influence on the sale of other books, in the view of the *Financial Chronicle*, already quoted:

"Many books will never invite popular reading.

"They can never be much reduced in price. Like the specialized journal, their clientele can not be appealed to by low price.

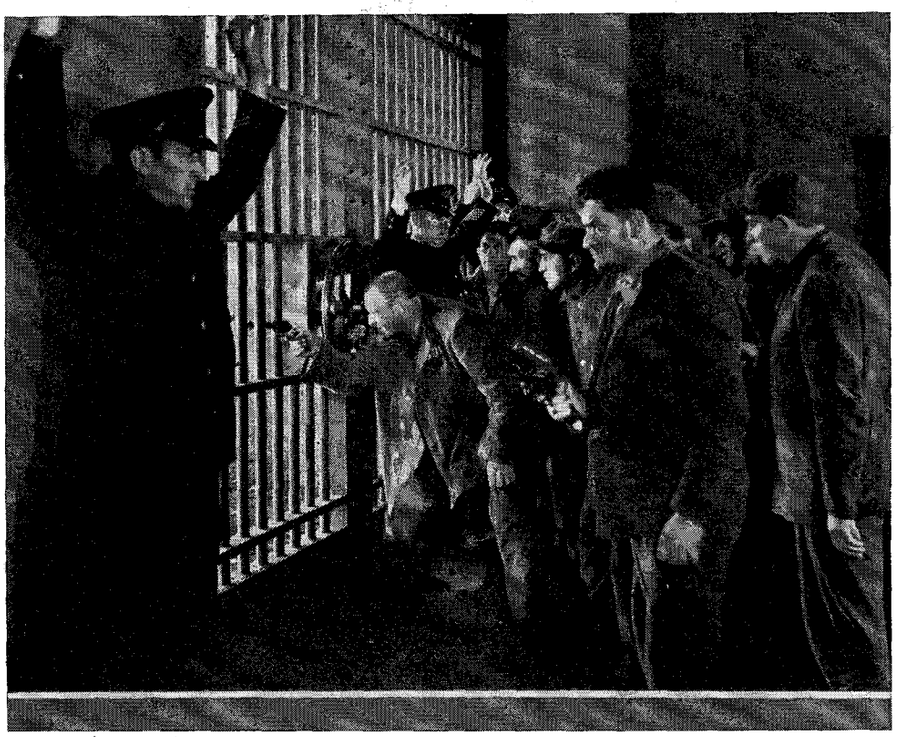
"But as every effort is put forth to popularize 'business' of all kinds at the present time, the final influence of retailing current novels at a dollar may be to so enlarge the list of readers as to popularize *all* books. If so, the general good and intelligence will be enhanced and low prices all around will aid both publisher and public.

"We do not know why books should tax the pockets of the readers to the point of prohibition. Thousands of circulating libraries, taxed to the utmost of their endowments, if able now to buy two copies instead of one, will no doubt acclaim this movement. But these institutions do not, can not, supply the public needs, let alone the individual taste.

"Thousands are pleased to own a book, if it is printed only on inferior paper and bound in paper boards, and these will buy where they can be accommodated. The publisher has, of course, the privilege of catering to the general market."

The Cover

SHE is a real person, this old "Peasant Woman of Brittany" on the cover, and she stands as much a part of history as the buildings that frame her in.



When the Prison Riots

"The Big House" helps one to realize the late horrors of Auburn.

Abel G. Warshawsky, the artist, is acknowledged capable of entering into the national spirit of his French subjects, tho he is an American, born in Sharon, Pennsylvania, in 1883, and a student under such American masters as Mowbray, Loeb, and Winslow Homer.

Art museums of Cleveland and Minneapolis possess his work, while his exhibits abroad have drawn such tributes as this from the Paris edition of the New York *Herald:*

"Mr. Warshawsky has made his reputation at home by his canvases dealing mostly with France, altho he has traveled extensively to other countries. Reproductions of his work were used as illustrations for the book, 'Paris on Parade,' by Robert Forrest Wilson. Mr. Warshawsky has had one canvas bought for the Luxembourg Museum by the French Government.

"A few months back, an order from New York came in for a whole series of Parisian scenes. So Mr. Warshawsky started to paint the corner on which the Café de la Paix stands, from the offices of the Chicago *Daily News*. He sat on the banks of the Seine to catch the blue-gray mist which envelops Notre Dame. He painted those airy bridges across the river flanked with their piles of reddish sand. He showed the sauntering crowds on the Avenue des Champs-Elysées bits of moving color in the midst of the green trees.

"Last winter he spent down on the Riviera, where outlines are sharp and the coloring brilliant, except for the dull green of the olive-trees, which seem like bits of mist among the positive things of the south."

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Is The Old-Fashioned Home Gone Forever?

A CLARION CALL TO WOMEN to return to the home is sounded by Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, wife of the inventor; but a modern *Portia*, successful at the bar, asks, "Where is the home we are to return to?"

Woman—to put it broadly—has dropt the needle for the saw, books of recipes for Blackstone, the rolling-pin for reportorial work, and, besides grabbing jobs that once were looked upon as exclusively for man, has all but adopted his dress.

But she hasn't yet given up being a mother.

And even loud advocates of woman's right to enter the trades and professions say that romance is not dead.

But Mrs. Edison is alarmed at the outlook. In a radio talk broadcast from Station WJZ, New York, recently, she said that the art of home-making has declined so much in recent years, because of trends originating in woman suffrage and the World War, that the country is facing a situation of widespread restlessness.

MEN no longer find satisfaction in their homes, she said, and "unless the women of America make a decided effort to return to the business of home-making, the most vital institution in the country is threatened. America is essentially a nation of homes. The woman who doesn't want to make a home is undermining our nation."

Mrs. Edison admitted that the aversion to housekeeping is due to the drudgery of it, but, she said, "every business and every thing in life is 98 per cent. drudgery."

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Edison asserted, a good home-maker must have executive ability and be a good purchasing agent, an economist, something of a chemist to supervise the diet of her family, and a gracious hostess. She also should be versed in music, art, and literature to have a proper background, and to be able to entertain herself, her husband, and her friends.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"Deep Down in Her Heart"

Declares Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, "every woman wants a home, and most women want children. The woman who doesn't want to make a home is undermining our nation."

"Deep down in her heart," believes Mrs. Edison, "every woman wants a home, and most women want children."

But enter Miss Martha L. Conmole, who hung out her shingle when lady attorneys were objects of curiosity, to ask where is the home woman should return to.

She thinks that the women have been "kicked out" of the home, and she says, furthermore, that it is getting harder all the time for women to succeed, because "chivalry has fallen into the ash-can."

Miss Conmole was attending the directors' meeting of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs in Chicago, and her comment on Mrs. Edison's address is quoted by Ruth Baldwin Cowan in *The Evening Post* of that city.

"Moreover," says Miss Conmole, "for nearly every woman who is working there is some man—father, husband, son, brother, or other male relative, dead or alive—who has fallen down on the job of providing her support."

But "bucking the world is not easy" for women, admits this one, who has bucked and shoved it successfully. "And the vast majority of women wouldn't quit the ease of having somebody look out for them if they didn't have to."

Moreover, "a few years ago a woman in a profession or business aroused a man's chivalry," and when Miss Conmole began practising law, men could not be too helpful. "But not now," she says. "Women to-day represent real competition."

But the war of the sexes, as Miss Conmole sees it, will not hinder marriage, for "romance has a way of surviving." And—

"Women will marry because they want to establish a home and not because they have to have a living. Then marriage will get on the basis for which it was intended—reproduction. The modern business woman makes a better mother than the wishy-washy sheltered young thing who doesn't know what it is all about."

BUT others still believe in the home of yesteryear, and insist that making a home demands qualities as high as any demanded in any profession or business. To which witness the Nashville *Tennessean:*

"Home-making is one of the most jealous of all occupations or stations in life.

"It is a place that can only be successfully and admirably filled if the woman makes it the highest goal of her life. It is a full-time job, and it is impossible for the woman to divide her time and attention with any other ambition.

"To attempt to do so will inevitably lead to a loss of prestige upon the part of the home-maker, and the home will suffer in consequence.

"The home-maker of the finest type is the woman who is married to her home in truth and in sincerity.

"If we would only realize how vital the home is and has been as the foundation-stone of our civilization, we would have a far higher appreciation of it, and would not attempt to make it a secondary consideration in our lives."

BUT to the New York *Journal of Commerce* it is evident that "Mrs. Edison is thinking only of women to whom the question to work or not to work is a matter of personal preference." Whereas, for a large group of women who have become cogs in our factory civilization since the industrial revolution, "the alternative is not between home or work, but between home with work or a home unworthy the name."

Important as the homes of a nation are—so much more important than what its legislature does or its scientists discover—a return to the "good old days," observes the Washington *Post*, is impossible. *The Post* notes how the world moves remorselessly on, how environment and conditions change, making obsolete

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the old ideals, the old customs, and the old institutions. No use crying over spilled milk. "The true friends of humanity are those who comprehend the evolution that is taking place and readapt institutions and ideals to the new status of the individual."

Once the home was a center of economic and social activity, but, notes *The Post*, not pessimistically:

"To-day it has entirely lost its economic function, and the social function is passing.

"The real home-builders of the future will supplant these lost ties with cultural and spiritual interests.

"They will recreate the social values of home.

"The ideal of self-discipline can be made to replace the stern repression of a former age.

"The nineteenth-century conception of a home fails to meet the requirements of modern society, but this is no reason why the home ideal should be allowed to disintegrate."

Courtesy of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc.

"Where Is the Home?"

Asks Miss Martha L. Conmole, a modern Portia, who says woman has been "kicked out" of it and forced to work because some man "has fallen down on the job of providing her support."

"Nothing Open Today"

THIS IS A BRIEF RECITAL of a man living on the verge of starvation, in New York.

He is one of the vast army of unemployed, whose numbers have been variously estimated.

Like thousands of others, he came to New York when fortune mocked him at home, and his story should not be regarded as a reflection on the charitableness of New York, for here charity is organized on a vast scale, and millions are expended yearly to help the needy.

But the experience of a "down-and-outer" in the great metropolis may be worth while as indicating a general problem.

Prince M. Carlisle is one of "that great mass of young men—craftsmen, laborers, clerks, professional men—who, discouraged at the lack of opportunity at home, swarm into New York City hopeful of finding a niche," and he tells his story in *The Churchman* (Episcopal):

"Before I came here, I was a mediocre newspaper reporter in New England—just where doesn't matter. Nearly two months ago I came here with less than twenty dollars in my pockets, and no clothing other than what I wore.

"I knew no one in New York.

"The story of my search for work in my own line is the oft-repeated round of city editors, who frankly told me I had but slim chance of finding a place on a newspaper. Soon, completely broke, I gave up this vain hunt for reportorial work, and sought—still seek—any kind of work that will keep me from starvation.

"The hope inspired by long lines of employment agencies, in Sixth Avenue, soon faded when I learned that fees must be paid in advance, and that frequently men are deliberately sent to positions for which they are obviously unfitted so that the same jobs can be sold and resold.

"Want ad pages carry only openings for highly specialized workers. One chain of theaters, for instance, demands that all ushers and doormen must not only be experienced, but they must be six feet tall, and between twenty and twenty-five years of age. An employer in any line can demand any specifications he wishes, and be sure of filling them, because the field from which he chooses is so large."

How, then, did Mr. Carlisle live? He tells us:

"At first, I slept in subways and lived on cigarets and coffee. But even this expense was too great after the first few weeks.

"The subways gave place to the parks, for the very simple reason that I had not the nickel for fare. The parks, however, are patrolled by police officers grown brutal with long experience with 'bums.' Sleepers on benches are frequently wakened by the whack of a night-stick against the soles of their blistered feet.

"My own experience of this kind had a twofold effect. First, it sent an electric pain through every vein of my hunger-racked body. And, second, it engendered in me a very real hatred for policemen, whose place in my esteem had already been quite low."

Life of this kind brought Mr. Carlisle into contact with hundreds of others equally unfortunate, and, talking with them, he recites,

"I have learned that many are on the verge of criminal careers. No doubt, many others have already embarked upon such careers.

"Not to condone (I sometimes wonder why) but rather to explain, let us think for a moment of the psychology of a jobless youth who turns to crime.

"In the first place, he is a skilled craftsman, capable of earning a very comfortable living. He is young. He is accustomed to such pleasures as a young worker enjoys—dancing, motion-pictures, trips to amusement-parks, and clean association with young women.

"Thrown out of work, by a cessation of orders in the mill back home, he is lured to New York. For weeks he walks the streets, answers want ads, haunts employment offices, always hearing the same old story—'Nothing open to-day.'

"At night he is drawn to Broadway. He must walk the streets, for he has no home. And he chooses to walk in the crowds—rather than in back alleys. He sees in Times Square the throbbing mass of pleasure-bent humans—bankers, bootleggers, shop-girls, show-girls, millionaires, clerks—every one seeking pleasure (most of them in vain, incidentally) and every one spending—spending on luxuries—spending in the mad hunt for happiness—spending money that would buy him coffee and a night's 'flop.' His head reels dizzily as he recalls three or four sleepless nights of 'carrying the banner.'"

He becomes a panhandler, and he learns, we are told, that it is always the poor man who responds—perhaps because he has suffered, too. On occasion he may see a tipsy broker peel a ten-dollar bill from a generous roll to tip a doorman.

Temptation finally overcomes him. He attacks some reveler and goes through his victim's pockets. He finds it easy, and, we read:

"Once launched on a career of crime, he grows more daring, until he becomes a full-fledged gangster. He fights back his conscience with the argument that cold, cruel New York has left him no other road.

"His argument may be wrong.

"No doubt it could be refuted in a hundred very logical ways.

"But standing clear and real above all theories is the cold, hard fact that the youth was starving, despite his willingness to engage in honest toil.

"Unemployment, then, is more than an economic problem.

"Some agency—the Church, the State, the city—must come to the rescue before the great demon that is called American industrial efficiency destroys the souls of the thousands upon thousands whose bodies it has tortured with hunger and pain, and whose minds it has come close to deranging."

In commenting on this "astounding indictment," as he puts it, Albert Edward Bentley of New York writes in a letter to *The Churchman:*

"Unemployment, long and continued in America, is the parent of physical and intellectual death for thousands who were willing to offer their lives in the World War. This is a shame and outrage of such vast proportions that the whole Church should forget her silly 'schools of thought,' and rise in the power of her might, and grasp the humane thought of Him Whose first concern was of the weak and the perishing."

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Religion As a Cash Proposition

LOOK UPON RELIGION AS AN INVESTMENT, which pays daily dividends, is never subject to market fluctuations, and increases the more it is drawn against.

This is the method of a Washington lawyer, Wilbur LaRoe, Jr., whose article in *The Homiletic Review* (New York) makes good "copy" for the bank of spiritual welfare.

His religion, he tells us, costs him $2,000 a year, the equivalent of an investment of $33,333 at 6 per cent.

What are his returns?

First, he tells us, he lives in an orderly community, Chevy Chase, with four churches, overlooking Rock Creek Park, a neighborhood of Christian people, where there is no dodging of machine-gun bullets, and a sawed-off shotgun is never seen. This is worth at least $1,800 a year to him.

Then there is his little girl. He wants her to be taught something more than geography and arithmetic. He wants her to acquire "a moral and religious foundation on which she can stand in the years to come and face the temptations which she can not escape in these modern days." Her private schooling costs him $400 a year, and he considers her church and Sunday-school training worth at least as much.

AGAIN, Mr. LaRoe is a strong believer in social uplift, in helping the fellow who is down and out, in keeping whisky and narcotics away from those who are weak in that direction, and he writes:

"As a member of society, I ought to contribute something toward that great end. I find that my church specializes in those very things. In fact, the churches, the Y. M. C. A., the Central Union Mission, and the Salvation Army are all specializing in what seems to me to be the biggest and best job on earth—saving men and women from ruin.

"I figure roughly that $1,000 a year ought to be my minimum contribution to that great work."

Mr. LaRoe needs also a philosophy of life, for, he writes:

"I am not content to drift along from day to day like a dumb animal, working, eating, sleeping, without considering why I am here, whither I am bound, what my relation is to the wonderful universe in which I live.

"I find myself constantly getting into a moral and philosophical rut, and I feel subconsciously the need of rising above the commonplaces of life and ascending the heights, where I can get a new vision, where I can look down upon my daily routine and see how small it is, and look up and see how great the universe is, how good God is.

"I love to work and I love to play, but neither seems to provide me with a real philosophy of life. The legitimate stage provides amusement, and a certain degree of art, but the Church is the only place where I find myself really in touch with those spiritual forces which lift me above the ordinary level of my routine and inspire me with a new purpose, and give a new meaning to life.

"My need for such inspiration is just as great and just as sure as my need for food. Its value can not be measured in money, but who will say that $10 a week would be excessive pay for it? That is $520 a year."

GOOD friends are needed, friends who will call on him in trouble and sickness, not those who slap him on the back, and say: "How about a little drink?" Mr. LaRoe and his wife find such friends among Christian people, and their value can not be measured in money.

An uncle died of alcoholism, and Mr. LaRoe believes whisky to be "the most dangerous temptation facing the young people of to-day." His argument is against whisky. "There is room for debate on the Prohibition question," he says; "but there is no room for debate on the whisky question."

Mr. LaRoe has had to face other temptations just as bad, and he figures that his church training is worth at least $15,000 a year to him.

The Washington lawyer is also interested in the Church's fight against war, and his contribution to that cause "could well be $500 a year."

Finally, he writes:

"I have always feared death.

"It is not so much that I fear physical death, which may be a comparatively painless experience, but I dread my lack of understanding of its significance.

"Something inside of me tells me that there is a spark of eternity in me that will never die, and I am willing to pay something for a definite philosophy which will keep that spark alive and make me feel that there is life beyond the grave.

"The Christian Church provides that very thing, and does it in a more satisfying way than all the philosophers from Aristotle to William James.

"After carefully considering my investments and their respective yields, I have reached the definite conclusion that my investment in religion is paying me a better return than my bonds, stocks, equipment trust certificates, or first mortgages. And it will be a difficult matter for a bond salesman to convince me to the contrary.

"Here is one investment which is never impaired by a stock-market crash; in which the annual dividend is never passed; and which need not be kept in a safe-deposit vault to prevent theft."

Answers

By Molly Anderson Haley

WHAT is faith? Gardens say
As the pine trees are in May;
Newness lifting from the old,
Greenness starring boughs that hold
Deep within a pulsing will
Neither frost nor cold can kill.

What is courage? Gardens know;
As the iris ranks that go
Dauntless through the white high noon
To some earth-old marching tune;
Forward-facing, rainbow clad,
Gallant and forever glad.

What is love? Gardens prove
Love is life—life is love;
And wherever these are one
Beauty flowers in the sun.
Minds weave mysteries about
Things that gardens never doubt.

—*The Churchman, New York.*

Do People Read Them?

"DEATH AWAITS YOU ROUND THE CORNER."

"Judgment day is here."

"Make your peace with God."

"You will need God at the next turn."

These are a few samples of highway signs erected by some religious organization to propagate the Gospel, and which any tourist may see.

Can they do any real good?

The American Automobile Association, says the Cincinnati *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), has taken cognizance of them, and we read:

"It is the opinion of the leaders of that group 'that these signs are apparently erected by cranks who take delight in spreading the Gospel to the people of good-will by a message charged with a suggestion of violence and death.'

"These same leaders are protesting. They are of the conviction they do not help, but retard.

"Yes, we are of a similar opinion.

"They cheapen Biblical phrases and religious emotions.

"They do not serve any purpose. They arouse inward antagonism.

"Such display of religion is not helpful.

"It does more harm than good. Therefore, let us be wise and not make a popular display for the purpose of startling people by our religious appeals."

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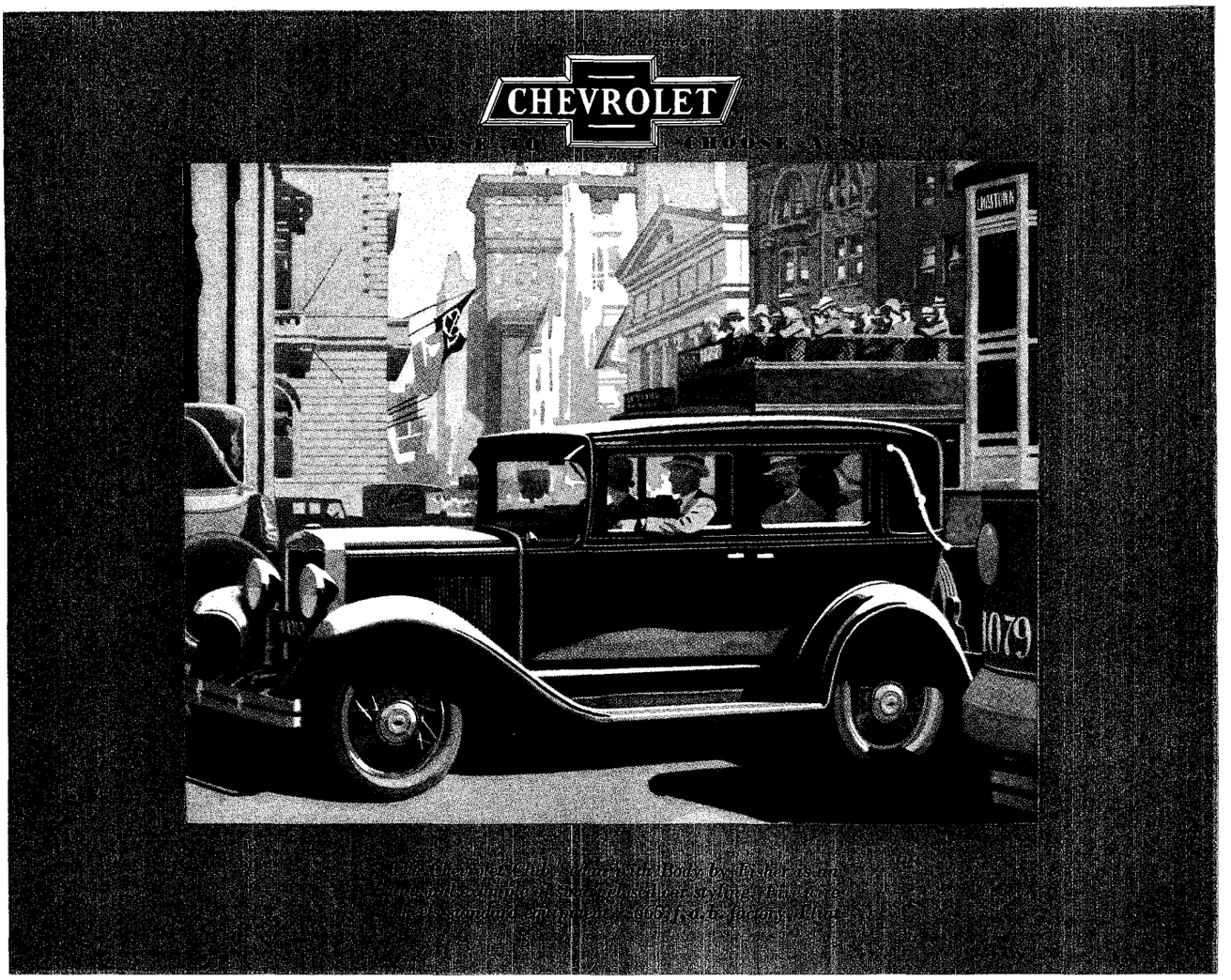

Announcing a new production record

2,000,000 Chevrolet Sixes now on the road

Since January, 1929, the Chevrolet Motor Company has produced and sold over 2,000,000 six-cylinder automobiles.

Such impressive public preference reveals the extent to which buyers of low-priced cars are insisting on the advantages of six-cylinder design. And it proves in no uncertain terms that *it's wise to choose a Chevrolet Six!*

These 2,000,000 buyers have chosen Chevrolet because it offers the smoothness, silence and flexibility of a modern six-cylinder engine—the comfort and roadability of a full-length chassis with up-to-date spring suspension—the style and distinction of bodies by Fisher—and the safety assured by hardwood-and-steel body construction combined with a gasoline tank at the rear of the car.

Yet, despite these fine car advantages, the Chevrolet Six is unusually economical. Its gas, oil, tire and upkeep economy is unsurpassed. And any model can be bought for a small down payment and easy monthly terms!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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CHEVROLET SIX

Sport Roadster . $555
Coach $565
Coupe $565
Sport Coupe . . . $655
Club Sedan $665
Sedan $675
Special Sedan . . $725
(6 wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)

ROADSTER or PHAETON
$495

Sedan Delivery $595
Light Delivery Chassis $365
Roadster Deliv'y $440
(Pick-up box extra)
1½ Ton Chassis $520
With Cab $625
Prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Mich. Special Equipment Extra

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

SINCE A.E.'s paper, *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin), suspended we have been robbed of much good poetry in the older tradition. But we look to *Acadie* (Fredericton, N. B., Can.) to fill the gap; and it is doing so. Note this:

THE BELLS OF SAINT JOHN

BY H. A. CODY

"They (the people of Saint John) hear the bells of the past."

Yes, 'tis true we hear them,
Bells of fair renown,
Hear them ringing as of old
In our sea-port town,
Where the tides meet on the rips,
And the ships go down.

Old bells, iron bells,
Bells from outer seas,
Clanging o'er the harbor bar,
Drifting up the breeze,
Lifting on the flooding tide,
Reeling to and fro,
Old bells, herald bells,
Bells of long ago.

Clear bells, brave bells,
Lusty bells and true,
Bells of Champlain and DeMonts,
Bells that Cartier knew;
Booming bells of conquest,
Pealing to the fray
When the walls of old LaTour
Fell to Charnisay.

Trade bells, strong bells,
Bells of clipper days,
Bells besprayed by all the seas
Sounded in our ways;
Notes from stormy Hebrides,
Tones from far Cathay,
Dulcet airs from Java's Isles,
Echoes from Bombay.
"Eight Bells" has sounded long,
A new watch is set,
But 'tis well for us to listen
And hear the ringing yet,
Lest we lose their notes of courage,
And too soon forget.

IN the Carmel (Cal.) *Pine Cone* appears this bit of local color, prefaced by the following introduction:

(The poem, Proposition, was sent to our office last week, with the name of Peggy Palmer given as its author. That young poetess denies responsibility for its writing and for its sending. We are at a loss to know how it came, or whether it is an original or a typed copy of some published poem. It is a remarkable piece of work, and we fear that we are exposing ignorance in not recognizing its authorship. However, in the hope that some one, preferably the poet, will set us right about it, we print it here.)

PROPOSITION

One of those stinking days in the lemon grove!
I wanted more than shade. I wanted a cove
In the cliff of a blue mountain lake.
Every muscle in me seemed to quake
Rebellious at my over-exertion. I work fast.
One hundred and five in the shade. He said I
couldn't last.
So of course I said I could. That was a trick.
Made the work go pretty quick.
Psychology makes me sick!
The wild thorned stock of the lemons cut my arms
And the salt boiled in. Farms!
I thought I loved the growth of the land,
But, blisters on even a calloused hand—
No, it isn't that. It's the slow
Monotony of thirty trees in a row
And the sameness of the stroke of the hoe,
And the subtle right of every weed;
The nightshade has a pretty seed,
And vetch has a flower that seems to bleed.
But I'm not so fond of nettles.
The cloying smell of manure settles
Into the skin, and the nightshade stain
Tastes on the orange like stagnant rain.
While pulling up the rooted muck,
Out of it a rattlesnake struck.
I chopped his head, which rolled off gory.
It had warned me, though, and I was sorry.
I'd hate to die like that. Rattle at Fate
And tell just where and who I was. I'd hate
To have my headless bones
Cauterized by the blazing stones,
Stopping my soul from getting free,
Sealing it in hermetically.
Of course a rattlesnake hasn't a soul.
No more have I. Or my boss, whose goal
Is to sell out to me some day and take it easy.
Leaning on his hoe now. Drawls across. Breezy.
"Yop. 'Sgood proposition. Can't be beat."
The word welters into the heat,
Falls on me like sweat,
Dried sweat, saline crystals that grind
Into the rawness of my mind.
I was thinking to reply. Just then,
Hopping up on the rock wall, a wren
Spread forth his cool song,
And all the stifled rows of trees were wrong.
"Ten thousand dollar proposition.
I've sized you up. You've got ambition.
You'll do. Some day. When—"
God, my ambition is to be a wren!
I'd eat bugs if I could sing to myself that psalm,
Cool and somehow sacred balm.
Oh no I wouldn't. I'd go home and keep calm.
I'd be ready to hoe
Thirty trees in a row
To-morrow morning at five o'clock.
Trouble with me is sun-shock.
I'll get over it with a good night's sleep.
Sure. Of course. I'll leap
At that proposition. Soon. It won't keep.
I'll snap it. I'll take it. Go in debt.
Toil and I'll make it. Hoe and sweat.
There's the wren again. He is like a drink.
A good proposition, I think.

OUR main reason for quoting this from *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) is to get a vote on Who's the prig? But don't send us the returns:

TO A MAN

Who once remarked to me and my companion that "*Anyone with a vestige of culture would be ashamed to walk about the country with a stick and no hat.*"

BY PETER QUINCE

While we were squandering Youth beneath the Sun
And bragging of our Conquests in a Pub,
Languidly you rose at half-past one
And wilted in a stuffy little Club.

While we were breasting through the Autumn fern
And loudly singing songs that soldiers made,
You whimpered in a queue and took your turn
To see some Negroid Nonsense badly played.

While we were painting red the strong grey sea
(A tiresome task I grant you—but why not?)
You sat half-naked sipping Russian Tea
In Chelsea—and, by God, you did talk rot!

So have you won to your unswerving aim.
"Success" was yours—such as this world can show—
But we at least Strong Hearts' desire can claim
As up the Morning Hills still young we go.

When Death shall call us from this Vale away,
Before we march we'll fill our mugs and swig
Great draughts of Ale to greet the Judgment Day
—That's more than you would dare to do, you prig.

IF the wish is father to the thought, then this sonnet in the London *Spectator* is no tribute for a sweetheart. But other circumstances may have been the source of the inspiration:

FORGETFULNESS

BY ROBERT BELL

So I shall go, and in some other air
Dig in a phantom earth with phantom spade;
And all the memories of the world will fade
From less to less: I shall grow unaware
Of things that were most precious and most fair,
Till all the lovely ghosts of earth are laid:
I shall forget even the things you said—
I shall forget your eyes, your voice, your hair.

And in that twilight region where a year
May be a million ages, or a day,
Someone will come and whisper in my ear
A name I do not know, but, strangely stirred,
I shall arise, and muse awhile, and say,
"Helen?—Helen?—I do not know the word."

AN uncanny but interesting plant gets a weird tribute in *The Commonweal* (New York):

INDIAN PIPES

BY KENNETH SLADE ALLING

Enriched with shadow,
Death has found
A spectral meadow
In this dim ground.

And here he grows
In the dust of night,
Like a ghostly rose
This saprophyte.

Though I like the tillage
Of fields of men,
I'd rather pillage
These fields now when

As from sepulchres
That have burst apart,
At the feet of the firs
These strange things start.

And with what cost
And struggle beneath;
In the darkness lost;
From the hands of death
They spring, almost
With luminous breath.

THE *GYPSY* (Cincinnati) gives a moving picture of sea nostalgia:

THE LITTLE SHIPS THAT NEVER SAIL

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

At work on inland farms he must have dreamed,
In restless youth, of sailing ships that came
With lifted prows where still the wonder gleamed
From seas and ports he loved but could not name.
In him was some old trace of blood that knew
The lift of sails and thrill of blowing spray—
But land had held him and the harvest grew
And he had never dared to go away.

Too old at last for work, his knotted hands
Have turned to dreams his youth saw shining by,
And at a window facing prairie lands
He sees the cloud-ships billowed down the sky.
Each day he sits there, till the light must fail,
To build his little ships that never sail.

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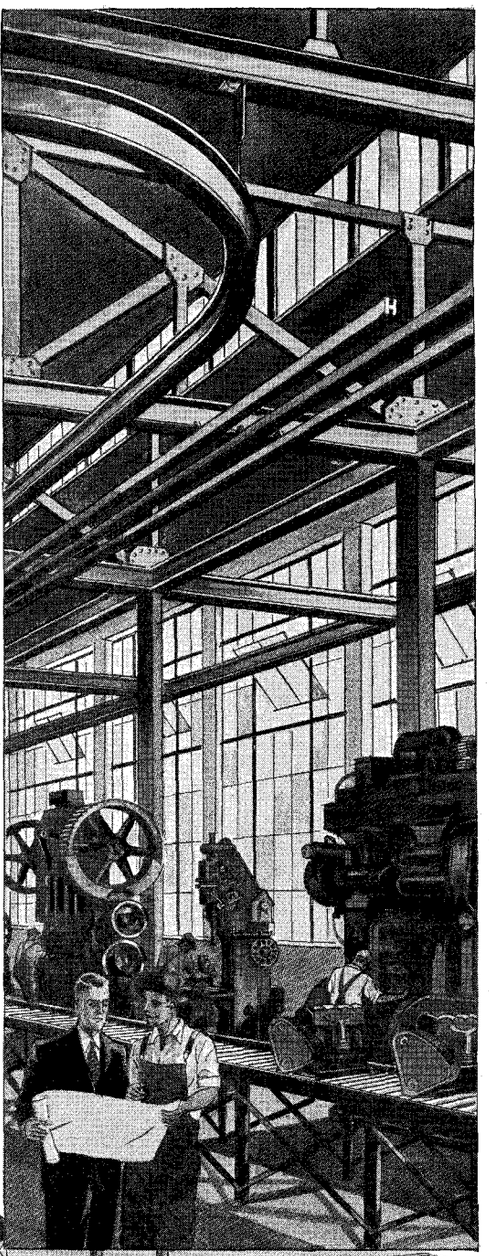

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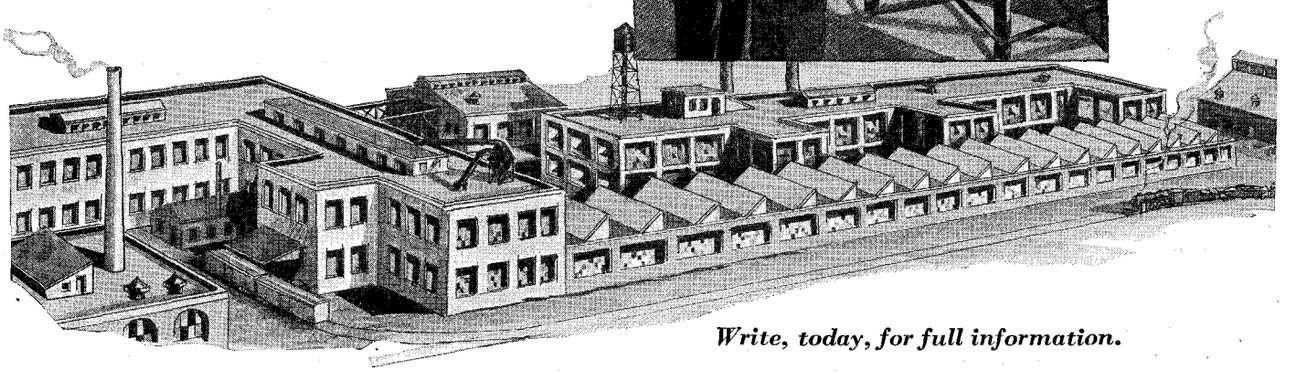

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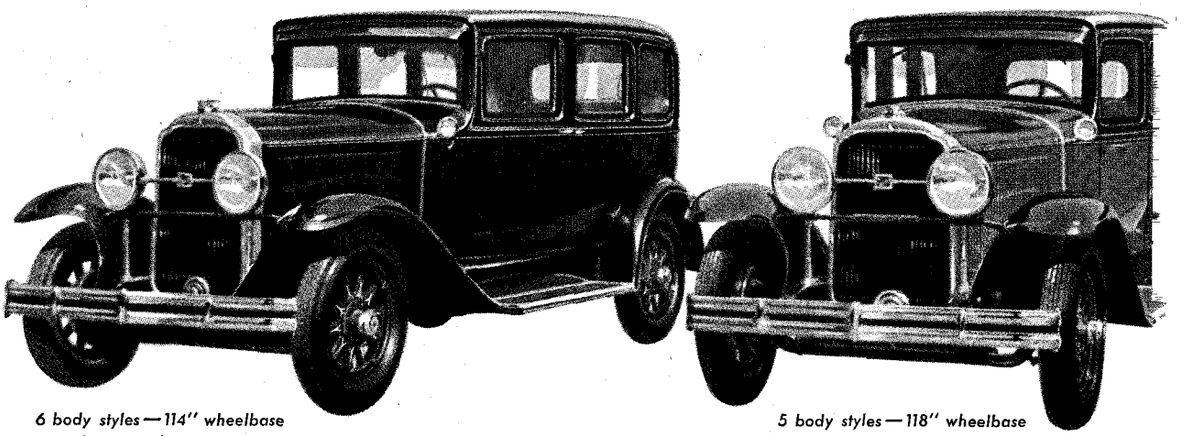
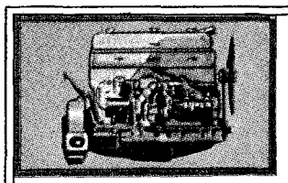


6 body styles—114" wheelbase from $1025 to $1095 at factory

5 body styles—118" wheelbase from $1285 to $1355 at factory

ALL STRAIGHT EIGHTS . . ALL VALVE-IN-HE



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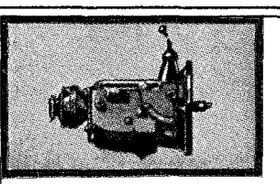

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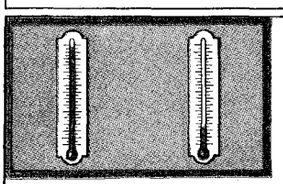

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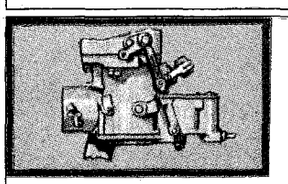

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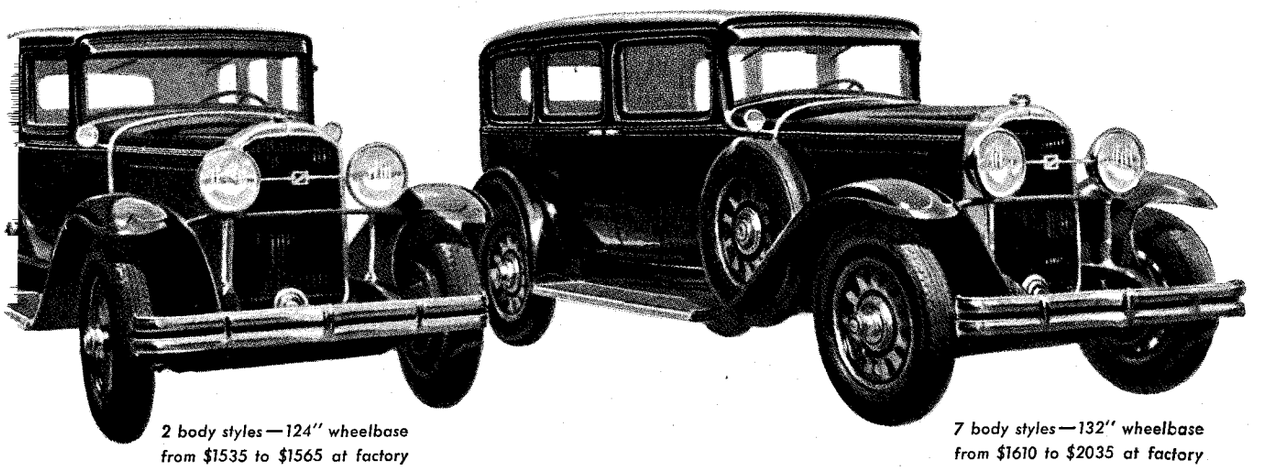

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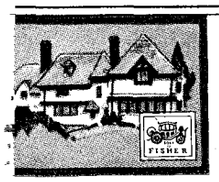

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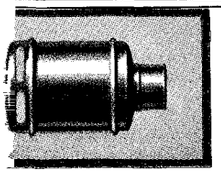

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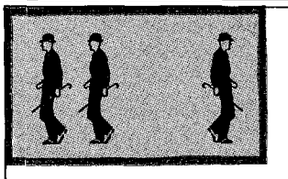

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Are You a Heliophobe?

IF YOU ARE, keep out of the bright sunlight.
Don't try to get tanned; heliophobes don't tan.
They burn; and excessive sunburn makes them ill.

These facts are set forth by Dr. Charles F. Pabst, chief dermatologist of the Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, in a pamphlet reprinted from *The Medical Mentor* (New York). Dr. Pabst sets forth his arguments in narrative form, substantially as follows:

"'Good-morning, doctor!' exclaimed the beautiful Miss Beach with an air of supprest excitement, 'Am I a heliophobe?' 'Please be seated and I shall try to find out,' replied Dr. Shoreham.

"'A heliophobe,' explained the doctor, 'is an individual who is morbidly sensitive to the effects of the sun's rays, and whose skin will redden, blister, and burn, but never tan. A heliophobe should not try to become a bronze Venus or Adonis. I realize that sun tan has become quite fashionable, and is the goal of thousands of vacationists, yet constant danger lurks in the sun. Serious illness, and even death, has often followed injudicious exposure to the sun's rays during the summer months.

"'Every year 200,000 working days are lost because of illness due to sunburn, which represents an annual loss of $1,400,000. In the majority of cases the sunburn is deliberately and intentionally acquired.'

"Picking up a magnifying lens, Dr. Shoreham carefully examined the texture of his patient's skin. It was smooth, soft and clear, but a trifle whiter than the average. She had blue eyes, and natural blond hair. 'You are a Nordic,' announced the doctor, 'and the majority of Nordics are heliophobes.'

"'I have often tried to acquire a coat of tan, but never succeeded,' interrupted the fair patient. 'That settles it,' Dr. Shoreham replied, 'you are a heliophobe. You should protect yourself from the sun's rays, especially during June, July, and August, because in those months the rays of the sun are very rich in ultra-violet light, which burns and blisters the skin. This ultra-violet light is most intense from 10 A. M. until 2 P. M. (Standard Time), so if you wish to avoid severe sunburn, protect yourself from the sunlight between these hours. If one is not a heliophobe, the safest way to obtain sun tan is to begin with a five-minute exposure before 10 A. M., and increase the time of exposure ten minutes each day. At the end of ten days a light tan is achieved, without any burning of the skin, and one may now indulge in longer exposures.'

"'After an individual has acquired a deep coat of tan, is it safe to expose the tanned portions of the body to the sunlight for long sessions?' inquired Miss Beach. 'Quite safe,' assured the doctor. 'Protection is afforded by the pigment called melanin, in the deepest layers of the skin cells. The deep cells actually have the power to manufacture additional pigment, and that is exactly what occurs when you acquire a sun tan. In a heliophobe, the skin cells lack this ability.

"'Nature has given the Negro a dark skin in order to protect him from the strong ultra-violet light of the tropics. The blond, white-skinned races in the north do not require this heavy pigmentation.'

"'Under the microscope,' continued the doctor, 'the pigment in the skin cells looks like tiny particles of brown paint. Sometimes the pigment is unevenly manufactured, and collects in "spots" called "freckles." The skin cells between the freckles are unable to produce the melanin, which imparts the color to the freckles. This explains why it is so difficult to remove freckles.

"'Recent tests and experiments have been conducted in an effort to protect the skin of one who can not tan from the harmful effects of strong sunlight. A glucosid called esculin has been extracted from the bark of the horse chestnut, and when applied to the skin before exposure to the sun, affords considerable protection.

"'It is not the heat of the sun that produces sunburn, but the ultra-violet rays,' explained Dr. Shoreham. 'One should consider ultra-violet light similar to a drug or chemical—say quinin, for example. A small dose is usually beneficial, but a large dose may cause great damage, such as inflammation of the optic nerve and blindness, and there are some individuals who can not take even a small dose without harmful effects.'

"'It must be dangerous to expose a baby to direct sunlight during the summer months,' commented Miss Beach. 'Very dangerous,' replied the doctor; 'the skin of a baby or young child is more susceptible to the rays of the sun than is that of an adult, other things being equal, because the young organism has not yet learned how to protect itself, and the skin cells are unable to manufacture pigment quickly enough to shield it from the ultra-violet light. One should always bear in mind,' pointed out the doctor, 'that sunstroke, sunburn, and sun tan are three entirely different conditions resulting from overexposure to the sun's rays.'

"'Is sunburn ever fatal?' asked Miss Beach.

"'If one-half or more of the body surface is sunburnt, serious internal complications, and even death, may result,' warned the doctor. 'If a sunburn is severe enough to cause the formation of blisters, there is danger of infection through the broken skin, and all such cases should receive the attention of a physician. Thousands of persons are severely sunburnt at bathing beaches. It is a great mistake to sit in the strong sunlight when the body is wet, as the small drops of water act as tiny magnifying lenses.'

"'Why is it, doctor, that whenever I go boating, I am always painfully sunburnt, even tho I wear a large hat?' 'It is because the water reflects the ultra-violet rays of the sun, and these are responsible for the sunburn,' answered Dr. Shoreham.

"'When sunburn is of the first degree, it simply causes a redness of the skin, without blister formation,' said the doctor. 'For this mild type of sunburn there are several remedies which will afford relief. The application of boric-acid ointment, or a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water, will soothe and heal the inflamed skin. If a burn is of the second degree, blisters are formed, and it is not advisable to attempt self-treatment. I have formulated a set of five rules which will prove beneficial to those who wish to avoid the dangers of sunburn, and helpful to those who desire the fashionable sun tan:

"'1. Acquire a coat of tan, if possible, by means of short exposures.

"'2. If your skin will not tan, you are a heliophobe, and should not expose yourself, as every new exposure means a new burn.

"'3. Do not sleep on the beach in the direct rays of the sun.

"'4. When fishing or sailing, remember that the water reflects the ultra-violet light, which may burn you.

"'5. During June, July, and August, protect yourself from the direct rays of the sun, as a severe case of sunburn may cause serious illness, and even death.'

"'Good-by, doctor, and thank you for relieving my mind.'"

P. & A. photograph

Perilous Pastime for Heliophobes

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Curious Cures

A SIMPLE LITTLE TREATMENT like a stroke of lightning may make the deaf hear, cure paralysis or anemia, or cut off a lame leg neatly at just the right place to fit on a wooden or cork one.

But it is so tantalizing—doctors can not prescribe thunderbolts.

That is the regret of Dr. Robert T. Morris, who writes on this entertaining topic in *The Medical Review of Reviews* (New York). Curious cures are of many kinds, he says. Some may be simply unexpected results of unusual treatment; others are peculiar effects of treatment on a basis that is quite understandable; still others are due to healers who represent speculative propaganda. Writes Dr. Morris:

"Concerning the first group of cures—unexpected results of unusual treatment—we may note a number of results following lightning-stroke. A good many persons have been struck by lightning, and those who were not killed have shown peculiar after-effects—some of them being curative of illness. Tilesius records a case of a deaf man struck by lightning, whose hearing returned immediately afterward.

"A man in Carteret County, North Carolina, with paralysis of facial muscles, and unable to close his eyelids, was cured by a stroke of lightning.

"In the Sycyando case, of Cracow, a young man who had a painful stiff right knee was riding in a wagon which was struck by lightning, and the leg was cut off at just the right place to allow him to wear a false leg, subsequently. The leg was found at the roadside, a few days later.

"Le Conte describes a case of a Negress suffering from anemia, apparently of the pernicious and sometimes incurable type, who promptly returned to a normal condition of health after being struck by lightning.

"This same author refers to an elderly woman, decrepit as a result of years, who returned to a peculiarly normal condition of young womanhood, following a lightning stroke. I know of some who would take that chance.

"An ambulance-surgeon told me of a hurry-call to a case of kink in the bowel, which, doctors all know, represents an extremely serious condition with impending disaster. On the way to the hospital, the bumping of the ambulance unkinked the bowel, the patient was cured, and walked back to her home the same day.

"Unfortunately, none of these kinds of cure may be prescribed by us physicians in regular practice. We would like to know of treatment that would take hold like lightning.

"In our second group, we have peculiar effects of treatment on a basis that is understandable. For example, we find, sometimes, that when a proper adjustment of glasses has been made for a patient suffering from eye-strain, a chronic dyspepsia is promptly cured.

"Cocain or nitrate of silver, having the effect of desensitizing a certain tiny spot in the nose, will sometimes completely cure certain disturbances of function belonging to women.

"A child whose lungs have been examined repeatedly in a search for an explanation for persistent cough, may be instantly cured when the doctor finds that the child has pushed a bean into its ear—the bean then being removed.

"A rheumatism involving the knee-joints may promptly disappear upon discovery and treatment of an infected tooth-root, and no end of mysterious illnesses disappear upon removal of infected tonsils.

"A number of forms of insanity become cleared up when proper attention is given to treatment of some of the 'closed glands,' as they are called—the thyroid gland, for example.

"Somebody who was deaf discovered that hearing had been temporarily regained after a rapid descent in an airplane accident, and for a while a great many other persons then subjected themselves to this dangerous and expensive treatment, until it was found that the same rapid change in pressure might be accomplished in simpler ways by ear-specialists."

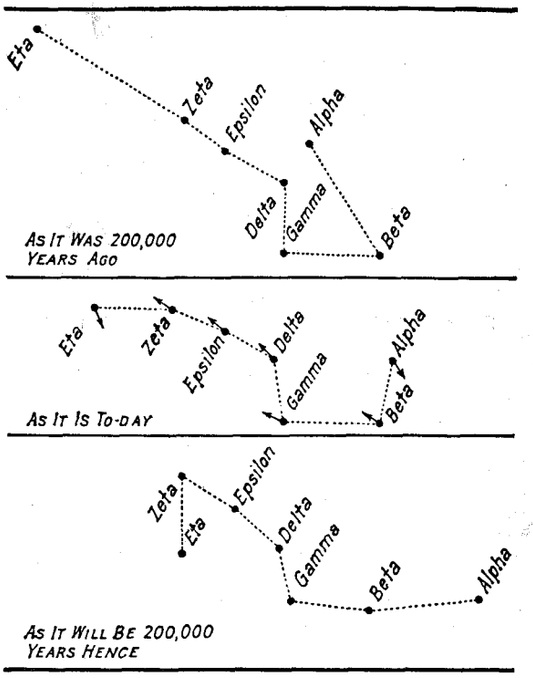
THE third group—the so-called cures conducted by healers—Dr. Morris believes to be based upon "capitalization of optimism." The pessimist with the same ills must remain uncured, he says, as a penalty for an ungracious attitude. "What is known as 'a state of mind' will account for so many illnesses that a change may bring about a cure. We must except, of course, actual organic diseases and infections, but even these may be distinctly benefited at times."

"Big Dipper" Stars Shifting

EVERYBODY KNOWS THE "DIPPER"; in fact, for many it is the only familiar constellation. It is part of the larger group called by astronomers Ursa Major—Latin for "Great Bear."

In a recent bulletin of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, Dr. Frederick C. Leonard, of the University of California's Los Angeles branch, has much to say of this group. We quote below part of what he writes, as follows:

"A most interesting fact about the stars of the Great Dipper is that five of them are moving across the face of the sky at approximately the same angular rate, and in a direction nearly



How the Dipper Is Bending

The diagrams show the shape of the Great Dipper as it was 200,000 years ago, as it is to-day, and as it will be 200,000 years hence. The arrows show the direction of motion of the individual stars.

parallel, while the other two are moving in roughly the opposite direction with comparable angular speeds.

"On account of this difference in direction of motion of these stars, they have not always formed a Dipper, as is illustrated in the accompanying figures, which show the asterism as it was 200,000 years ago, as it is to-day, and as it will be 200,000 years hence. Thus, five of the stars of the Dipper are members of a moving group or 'cluster' of stars, the so-called 'Ursa Major group,' which includes also Sirius, the brightest star in the entire heavens, and a number of others in widely separated regions of the sky. According to the Lick Observatory, the stars of the Great Dipper are approaching the solar system with speeds ranging from about five to ten miles per second.

"All of the stars of the Dipper are of the same order of absolute brightness, being what are termed 'giant stars,' and they are at distances from the earth of not less than fifty or more than 100 'light-years.' They are intrinsically much more luminous than our sun, two being fully sixty times as brilliant.

"By far the most interesting star in the Great Dipper is Mizar, the one at the bend in the 'handle.' As has been appropriately remarked, this star, in every sense of the word, was the first double star to be discovered. With its companion, Alcor, it makes a wide and readily distinguishable naked-eye pair, popularly known as 'the horse and the rider.' Mizar was the first double star to be discovered with a telescope, in 1650, at Bologna.

"E. C. Pickering, in 1889, discovered that the brighter component of Mizar is a spectroscopic binary, whose period of revolution was found by Vogel to be 20.5 days. The two revolve around their common center of gravity in nearly equal orbits at a mean distant from each other of some 20,000,000 miles."

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Why SHOULD *your mouth become too soon* MIDDLE AGED?

AS millions of people know, Forhan's was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea for years.

And as any dentist will tell you, this ailment of the gums is more prevalent in people over forty.

But these facts do not mean that you should passively let your gums develop the weakness of middle age, before you adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice.

It is first of all the dentifrice for the mouth of youth—to help you keep the teeth and gums young. There is no safer, milder dentifrice than Forhan's for children, because there is no dentifrice of greater purity—no dentifrice which cleans the teeth more gently and safely. As a dentifrice, Forhan's provides the benefits of cleansing ingredients which any dentist would thoroughly approve.

In addition, it serves another valuable purpose. It tones up the gums. Used as recommended, with thorough massage at the time of brushing, it firms them up—brings a tingling vigor and freshened circulation—helps to keep them in the glow of health.

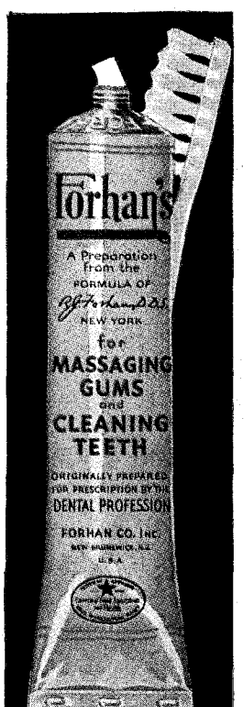
That is why the use of Forhan's is recommended before pyorrhea develops.

If you suspect that you have this common ailment, if your gums are tender, by all means see your dentist immediately and let him prescribe proper care.

But as a matter of simple precaution, anyone who values firm teeth and a healthy mouth should adopt Forhan's as his dentifrice, or hers.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—just a few cents a tube more than ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it.

Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.


Forhan's
A Preparation from the FORMULA OF
NEW YORK
for
MASSAGING GUMS and CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINALLY PREPARED FOR PRESCRIPTION BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION
FORHAN CO. Inc.
Any mouth may have Pyorrhea, and at forty the odds are
4 out of 5

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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How Common Things Work—XXV

Simple Machines

MANY THINGS USED IN THE HOUSEHOLD and known as "tools" are in reality machines, for they employ the so-called mechanical powers.

A hatchet, for instance, uses two of these—the lever in the handle and the wedge in the blade.

Some of these familiar and simple machines are thus treated by Alfred M. Butler, in his "Household Physics" (M. Barrows & Company, Boston):

"There are many things that can not possibly be done with the hands, such as pulling a nail from a box, chopping meat, grinding coffee, sawing wood.

We must resort to some contrivance to aid us. Even when it is possible to do the work with the hands, we can often do it more advantageously with some implement, to which we give the name of machine.

"If we wish to take the cover off a box, the easiest way is to pry it up with a chisel. The claw of the hammer makes it possible to pull out a nail. In these instances, the simplest form of a machine, known as the lever, is being used.

"If we wish to get a barrel into a wagon, it requires less effort to roll it up a plank than to lift it directly, just as it is easier to walk up a long gradual flight of stairs than it is to climb a ladder to reach the second floor of a house. In this latter instance we are using the second general type of machines, called inclined planes. Of the first type there are three classes, known as simple lever, crank and axle, and pulley; to the second type belong the inclined plane, wedge, and screw.

"Every tool or implement in the house involves one of these two principles, the lever or the inclined plane. As examples of the simple lever we have the can-opener, grass-clippers, and tack-lifter; of the crank and axle, we have the bread-mixer, and coffee-grinder; of the pulley, the wheels over which the supporting ropes pass as a window moves up or down in its frame. An example of the simple inclined plane is found in a plank, one end of which is higher than the other, or in a sloping road. The knife-edge, ax, and chisel are wedges; while the meat-press and rotary meat-cutter are examples of the screw.

"Machines also enable us to employ other forces than human, such as in the case of a wagon pulled by a horse, the electric motor in the trolley-car, the steam-engine, the gasoline-engine in automobiles. In all of these instances we find at least one, and, generally, several types of the simple machines represented. These are called compound machines."

A SLIGHTLY different definition is given by Dr. Frederick A. Osborn in his "Physics of the Home" (McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York), together with a reminder that a machine does not create energy. It only increases force by proportionately lessening the distance through which it is applied. Says Dr. Osborn:

"A machine is a device for transferring work from one point to another. The advantage of a machine consists in the ability to control the two factors that enter into work, force and distance. By the aid of a machine, a small force acting through a great distance may be able to replace a large force moving through a small distance.

"A machine may multiply enormously the force applied, but can never increase the work done. The work done on the machine is equal to the work done by the machine.

"This statement holds only for an ideal machine. All real machines have friction, and the useful work done is always less than the work performed on the machine. The ratio of the useful work done by the machine to the work performed on the machine is known as the efficiency of the machine.

"The mechanical advantage of a machine is the ratio of resisting force to the working force. This ratio is usually most easily determined in terms of some dimensions of the machine. The speed advantage is the reciprocal of the mechanical advantage.

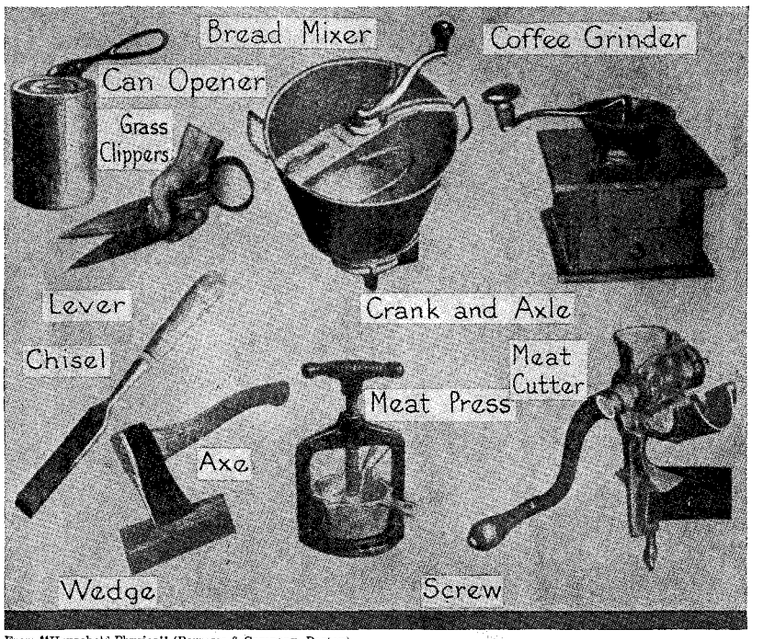
"All machines are essentially combinations of one or more of the so-called 'mechanical powers.' These are the lever, the wheel and axle, the inclined plane, the screw, the wedge, and the pulley."

Friendly Insects

THE WAR BETWEEN INSECTS and the human race, about which we frequently hear, is only half a picture, and therefore false.

Insects may be great benefactors to man and to all the animals that contribute to his well-being, and in justice they should be recognized as such. So declares Dr. Frank Lutz, entomologist of the American Museum of Natural History, in a radio talk under the auspices of Science Service, quoted in the Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington).

Calling attention to the impossibility of having our present supply of fruit without insect aid, Dr. Lutz proposed a hypothetical question:



From "Household Physics" (Barrows & Company, Boston)

Simple Machines of the Home.

"Suppose we had never had any apples, pears, plums, peaches, oranges, strawberries, or anything of that sort. Suppose, however, that a group of strangers brought us delicious samples of a great variety of such fruits, and told us that they, the strangers, could make it possible for us to grow all of these things. Suppose that, in return for this possibility, which only they could grant, they asked that a 20 per cent. commission be paid to their relatives. Does the court think that this would be an unfair proposition? I am sure that we would be glad to accept the bargain, and then, later, we would try very hard to beat the relatives out of their 20 per cent."

HOWEVER, distributing pollen is only a part of the work insects do for us. The very soil plants grow in, even plants not dependent on insects for pollenation, is in part a gift of the insects, Dr. Lutz continues. He says:

"Darwin rightly praised the soil-making activities of earthworms, and became their most effective press-agent. Risking the false impression that I think the value of earthworms is overrated, I would like to point out that ground burrowing insects are more widely—in fact, universally—distributed than are earthworms, that they are more numerous in any given locality, and that they are much more active. Furthermore—and this is a generally overlooked fact—an additional reason for their being more effective soil-makers than earthworms is that they carry beneath the surface not only decayed leaves but rich nitrogenous plant-food such as manure and the dead bodies of animals.

"Time will not permit even a sketchy continuation of this line of thought, but perhaps you are already about to ask how land plants of any kind ever existed without insects. Others have asked that question, and a part of the answer is that geological history shows that there was no extensive growth of land plants and no flowering plants at all before insects became well established on earth."

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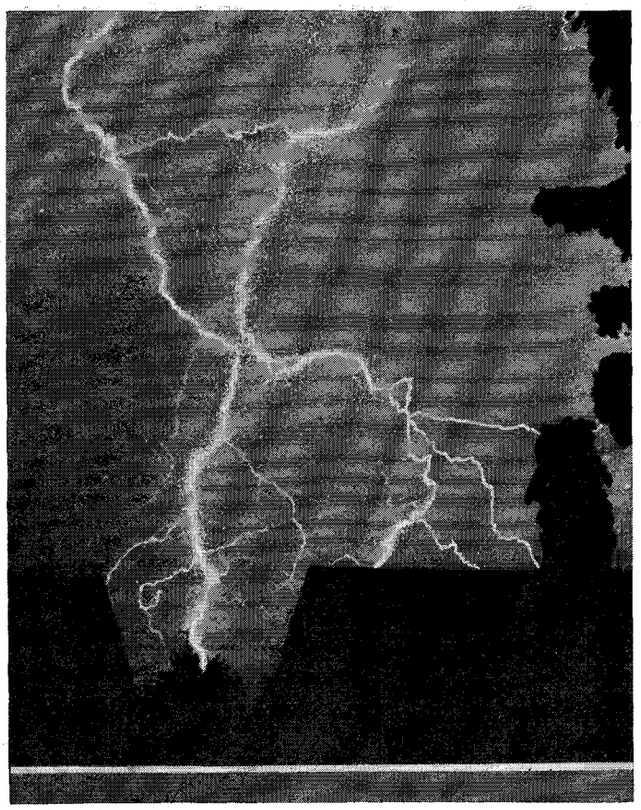
Great Races Grow and Die

THE RACE THAT IS GREAT TO-DAY may be very small potatoes indeed to-morrow.

Claims of exclusive racial superiority, for Nordics or for anybody else, are scouted by Prof. Fay-Cooper Cole, anthropologist of the University of Chicago, in a radio talk given recently under the auspices of Science Service.

Claims to racial superiority, Professor Cole said, as quoted in *The Science News Letter* (Washington), are quite definite things, and can be definitely investigated. If they are true, history will bear them out. But, he continued, history does no such thing; instead, it shows a procession of "Great Races," who succeeded each other through the ages, each people in its turn imagining itself to be the culmination and apex of all human history. He proceeded:



Acme Newspicture

Map of the Americas Sketched by Lightning

"In 2500 B. C., Egypt led the world. It was further advanced in all the arts and crafts of civilization. Had you asked the Pharaoh of that period if there was a superior race of people, he doubtless would have said, 'Certainly, and we are it.'

"At about that time a Mediterranean people were developing a civilization on the island of Crete, but they did not rank with the Egyptians of the time. By the year 1500 B. C. they had progressed far beyond the civilization of the Nile, and by every right they could have proclaimed themselves a superior people.

"This was just at the time the rude barbarians from the north, the tribal kings of the Odyessy and the Iliad, were pushing into Greece. Had you sought to compare these rude herdsmen with the Cretans of the Minoan period, you would have been laughed to scorn. Yet they overcame the Cretans, borrowed liberally of their culture, intermarried with them, and by the year 500 B. C. this mixed population produced the golden days of Greece.

"Surely they were the dominant people of that age.

"By the beginning of our era Rome had wrested the leadership from Greece, and was attempting to subdue the rude barbarians of the north. If you wish to learn what the Romans thought of our ancestors in central and northern Europe and in the British Isles, just read again your Cicero and your Cæsar.

"There was no doubt in the mind of the Roman but that he belonged to the great race. But the northern barbarians showed themselves capable of learning, and ere long they overthrew Roman power, and are now the leaders of civilization.

"Apparently then the fact that a nation or race is dominant at any particular time is no assurance that it will retain the leadership. Archeology and history teach us that civilization has shifted from one region and people to another, and that the less advanced people of one period become the leaders in another age.

"The presence of many races and peoples in America does raise real problems, problems requiring the greatest statesmanship and tolerance.

"Race mixture will continue, we will become more of a hybrid people than we are at present, but if we scan the history of the past, or consider the known facts of race and race mixture, we need have no fear for America of the future."

No Zig-Zag Lightning

THERE is no such thing, declares Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his feature, *Why the Weather* (Washington).

Only within the last four or five years, he says, has the motion-picture industry discovered the fact that lightning, however much it may twist and meander in its path across the sky, never turns sharp angles. Zigzag lightning was formerly the rule rather than the exception on the screen, just as it was once universal in the drawings and paintings of great artists, but it is unknown in nature. He goes on:

"The first person to call attention to the mistake of the artists in this matter was the Scottish engineer James Nasmyth, who was the son of a landscape painter.

"At a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1856, he stated that 'in no instance among the many thunderstorms whose progress he had most attentively watched had he ever observed such forms of lightning as that usually represented in works of art; in all such the artists invariably adopt a conventional form, namely, that of a zigzag combination of straight lines.' Nasmyth believed the error of the artists originated in the form given to the thunderbolt in the hand of Zeus as sculptured by the ancient Greeks.

"Some decades after these remarks were uttered the photography of lightning began to be common, and the photographs all showed that he was right in believing that lightning is never truly zigzag. Its path generally includes many sinuous curves, and it often branches, but a sharp angle is very rarely seen in a photograph, and it is then doubtless an effect of perspective."

Let's Be Abnormal

NORMALITY is mediocre. Genius is abnormal.

Those who achieve greatly are different from the common run of people.

Fear of deviation from standard conduct is a mistake. Thus argues K. A. Menninger in his recent book on "The Human Mind" (Knopf, New York). He says, among other things:

"The adjuration to be 'normal' seems shockingly repellent to me; I see neither hope nor comfort in sinking to that low level.

"I think it is ignorance which makes people think of abnormality only with horror, and allows them to remain undismayed at the proximity of 'normal' to average and mediocre. For surely any one who achieves anything is, *a priori*, abnormal; this includes, not only the geniuses, but the presidents, the leaders, and the great entertainers.

"I presume most of the people in 'Who's Who in America' would resent being called normal. And while I haven't had much opportunity to examine personally those celebrities, I have had under close observation a considerable number of persons almost as interesting, just as abnormal, and a great deal more accessible to study.

"And, having spent my academic and professional life trying to discover the meaning of these people's troublesome abnormalities and the best way to set them right, and at the same time observing the occurrence of the same formulæ in my friends and neighbors and books and newspapers, I wanted to write down my ideas about this curious human mind. Not the mind as a machine, operating perfectly and invariably in a quiet little laboratory, but the mind as a collection of enormously complex possibilities for variation, most of the variations being called abnormal by people with some other kind of variation.

"Unless these variations get one into difficulties or into distinction, they are apt to be unnoticed. Yet it is they which determine the personality."

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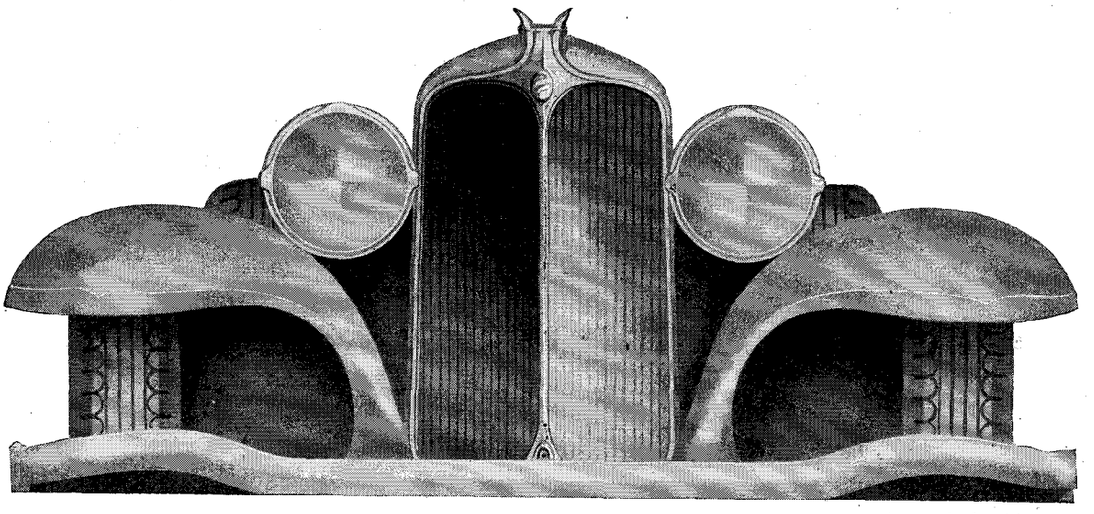

TWO NEW EIGHTS BY CHRYSLER

SET NEW STANDARDS FOR EIGHTS

Eights of breath-taking style and smartness . . . Eights of magnificent luxury and riding ease . . . Eights of silky fleetness, so smooth that touring at any speed is just like coasting or floating . . . Eights so flexible you can lift your foot off the accelerator at any speed without noise or vibration, and when you step on the gas you feel a tremendous surge of silent, velvety power . . . Eights with Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift, giving two *high-speed* gears . . . Eights with such extremely low center of gravity that you take turns at high speeds without sidesway . . . Eights with the safest and surest stopping ability, made possible by Chrysler weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes . . . Eights designed with that skill and fineness only to be found in Chrysler engineering . . . Eights built to the finest standards in every detail . . . Eights of such manifest quality that you would guess the prices to be much higher than the prices actually are . . . Eights you will be proud to own . . . Eights you will thrill to drive . . . Eights you surely should examine before buying any new car.

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The Coronation of the Emperor Jones

THREE HUNDRED NEGRO CADDIES, their ivory teeth flashing from ear to ear, carried such signs as: "Welcome Home, Mr. Bobby."

"You Sho Brought Back the Bacon."

And that section of the parade struck the big human note in Atlanta's outpouring of homage to her own Bobby, the thrice-crowned Napoleon of American and British golf, with one more championship beckoning him to come and pluck it in September.

No wonder the capital of Georgia went carnival over the sedate Bobby Jones, who vies with Lindbergh and Byrd as the most popular American of his time.

"All in all, it was one of the most memorable days in Atlanta's history," declares the Atlanta *Constitution*, adding that "it will take another Bobby Jones Day" to break the new crowd records established on this occasion, after his homecoming from Minneapolis with the American open championship hanging at his belt, alongside the British open and the British amateur.

We quote a few high spots from *The Constitution's* account of the parade. Bobby, his wife, his father, and Mayor Ragsdale are in a car trying to make its way through the joyous mob, while airplanes swoop overhead, and the air flutters with confetti. We read:

The King of Golf acknowledges each and every new burst of cheering with a wider smile.

Reticent, as usual, now to the point of blushing, he receives this great tribute.

A man never before won three of the world's greatest golf championships in two months, and men seldom have the lovable personality of Bobby Jones.

"In fifty years here I have never seen the like," says the Mayor. "It's greater than New York." The Mayor headed an Atlanta delegation which went to New York two weeks ago to greet Bobby when he came from England with the all-coveted British open and British amateur cups. He welcomed Lindbergh to Atlanta.

Through it all a smile adorns the worn face of Bobby Jones.

One can see the strain through which he has passed. Browned to a tan, his bare head keeps turning from side to side. He wants to acknowledge the greetings of all.

Mrs. Jones is smiling, too, and waving greetings, here and there.

Big Boy, as they call the elder Jones, is having the time of his life.

The Mayor, too, is enjoying it. Truly it is a reception given to no one nowhere, save to a national hero, a world hero, come home.

Soon the great parade has passed on, and Bobby is at the city hall, where fully 25,000 people are jammed, awaiting his arrival.

With the Mayor and his father, Mrs. Jones and Al Doonan, chairman of the reception committee, Bobby moves up the steps.

The Mayor begins to talk after Mr. Doonan has introduced Bobby formally.

"Bobby," he said, "we knew when you left home a few short weeks ago that you would come back crowned once, crowned twice, and crowned thrice. We knew that you would bring home with you everything you went after. We have seen you go forth before, and we knew just what you had in you.

"This is the proudest moment of my life. When I was up at New York two weeks ago, I knew that the folks in Atlanta were preparing a big celebration for you. When I saw the great crowds in New York, I told myself that the city could only outdo Atlanta in one thing, and that was in numbers. Now I see that they couldn't even do that. This great outpouring here to-day and all through our city is a tribute to you as a gentleman and as a golfer. I shall always remember it, and I know that you yourself will never forget it."

Here the great crowd interrupted the Mayor with "Whoopee, Bobby," and "Hooray, Bobby." Bobby smiled the famous Jones smile and the Mayor went on:

"It is a pleasure to all of us to have you a citizen of our great city, Bobby. It is a pleasure for all of us to do you honor. It is a greater pleasure for me to hand you this gold key to the city, our city and your city, and the scroll which makes you one of our great.

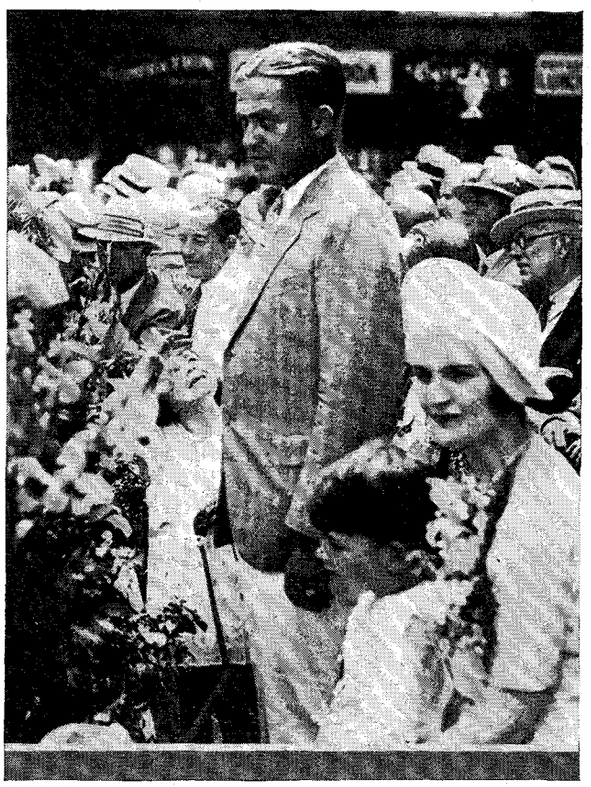
"In my fifty years of residence in Atlanta, I have never known the city to declare a holiday for one of its own citizens. To-day is your day. We are finished now, and we are going to our homes or to the parks and enjoy ourselves, and we want you to go home and rest, for that is what you need."

There came a great clamoring for Bobby and, his face red, the champion stept forward to make a brief reply:

"I am always a little backward about expressing myself," Bobby said. "If I had known of this celebration when I came back to New York, I might have cut out going to Minneapolis, and slipt back home unnoticed."

The crowd whooped loudly and clamored for more.

"I just want all of you to know how much I deeply appreciate all this, and how much it all means to me," he said. "I certainly do thank you."



P. & A. photograph

'Twas a Great Day for Atlanta

And an embarrassing one for the triple champion, whom we see receiving the plaudits of his neighbors. Bobby is sustained by the presence of his attractive wife.

AND after that the crowd called for Bobby's father and grandfather, and cheered them both to the skies. For had they not made it possible for Bobby to do his stuff—to be, in fact, Bobby? And, as another Atlanta paper, *The Journal*, proclaims in a fairly lyrical editorial, Bobby "has played golf as Homer made poetry, as Newton pondered nature, as Napoleon conducted war." Furthermore:

He has lifted an ancient game into fresh and universal interest, rendering the pastime of a few the admiration of millions.

Into a stick of wood and iron he has put so much brain, so much character, so much chivalry, so much perfection that all sorts and conditions of men thrill to his deed, and cry from their hearts, "The greatest in the world!"

But of all Bobby's victories, it seems to *The Journal* that his greatest has been his conquest of himself. Thus:

When purpose masters impulse, when patience rules hot blood and tingling nerves, when courage crowns itself with wisdom, when triumph clothes itself with modesty, and good sense

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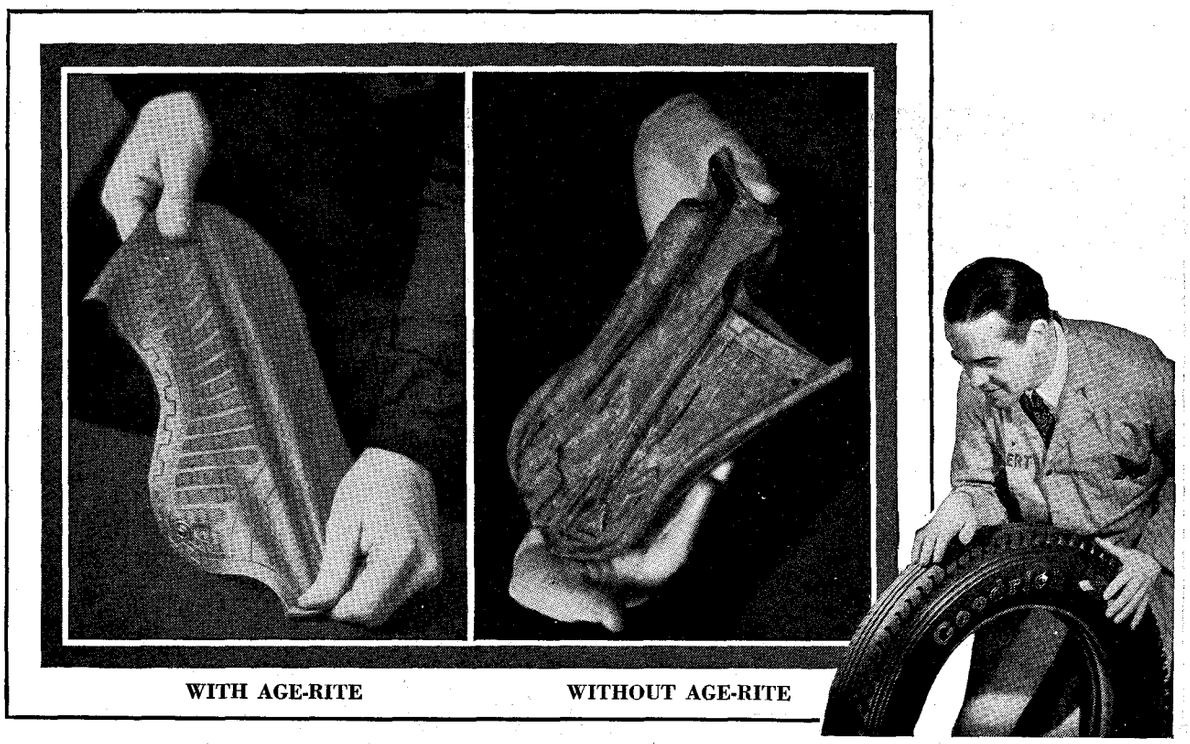
A GOODRICH DEVELOPMENT

that makes rubber products last two to five times longer



WITH AGE-RITE WITHOUT AGE-RITE

WHY SILVERTOWNS last longer! This tire, famous for its performance records gets much of its long life from Goodrich-developed age-resisting compounds used in its manufacture.

Recently perfected age-resisters credited with savings to consumers of $50,000,000 yearly* by lengthening life of hundreds of rubber articles

LOOK at the two pictures above. They tell a story of an amazing B. F. Goodrich development.

Both of these bathing caps, when new, were placed in a Goodrich laboratory testing unit, a "life oven"—which in a few hours produces effects equivalent to *many months of natural aging.*

The pictures show what happened when the caps came out of the "life oven." The cap on the left looks new. It has its original gloss and sheen. It has elasticity. It is strong and durable.

Now look at the other cap. It has disintegrated. It strips into ribbons when you try to stretch it. It has lost its lustre, its sheen. It is ready to be thrown away. In past years, nearly everyone has seen this same thing happen to all sorts of rubber goods.

What causes this amazing difference? Why did one come through the aging test like new while the other one was destroyed?

Goodrich chemists had perfected an anti-oxidant or age-resisting compound, "Age-rite," that makes rubber last and last—long after ordinary rubber has worn out completely.

The cap at the left had this amazing anti-oxidant in it—the one at the right did not.

This same remarkable Goodrich compound is applied to many other rubber products—large and small—for various uses. It is one of several Goodrich developments which have been made available to the entire industry.

Goodrich is constantly carrying on experimental work for the good of the rubber industry and the welfare of the public.

Executives interested in the possible application of rubber research to their industries are invited to address the Chairman of the Goodrich Industrial Research Committee. Goodrich is glad to undertake special investigation and research whenever practicable. Goodrich, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.

* * *

* See the report "Recent Economic Changes" (Vol. I, p. 115) U. S. Department of Commerce, in which this important development is listed. The Committee making the report included many of the nation's best known economists.

AGE-RITE

Another **B.F.Goodrich** *Product*

Goodrich now manufactures 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded and Hard Rubber Goods

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is mated to good-will, then is established the fairest of kingdoms, and the happiest pages written in human history.

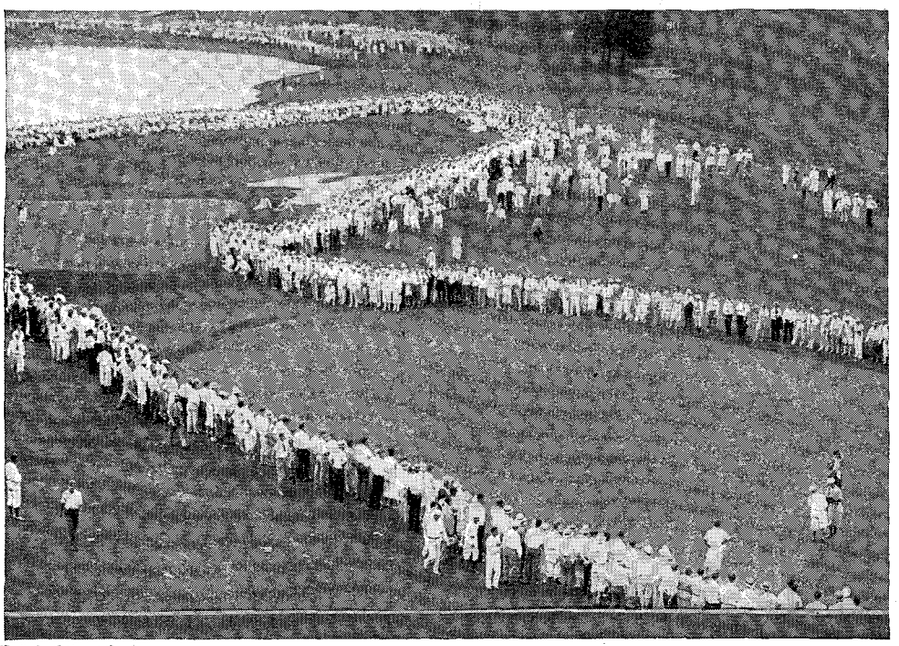
Our master of golf is master of himself; therein lies his topmost trophy.

He has done more than perform a feat.

He has achieved a character, so that the world, while marveling at his game, pays highest tribute to his soul.

Bobby, we, your home folk, salute you, proud and grateful that you bring us glory, proudest and gratefulest that you bring yourself."

A FORTY-FOOT putt, taken featly and gallantly in his stride, clinched Bobby's claim to the open championship in the final round on the Interlachen course at Minneapolis. It came when things looked gloomy, for Bobby's cup game was rich in human imperfections. And he was up against a tough bunch of tip-top professionals, all out for his scalp.



P. & A. photograph

Struggling in the Coils of a Human Serpent

Bobby is at the reader's right, about to play to the ninth green of the Interlachen Course. His gallery is said to have been the largest ever seen on a golf course.

For a sketch of that final round, we abbreviate a story by Milt Davis in the Minneapolis *Tribune:*

Through a lane which 15,000 persons formed for him on the 402-yard eighteenth hole, Bobby Jones marched up a long, hard hill and straight into the national open championship.

The crowd, by its tightly packed bodies, created that human aisle, but "Calamity Jane," his famous putter—well hers was the open sesame at that golfing portal which no man before him had entered. A 40-foot putt dropt into the cup, and he was in.

Fifteen thousand shouts that merged into a thunder of acclaim attested the fact.

At that mad moment, dangerous rivals were still out on the course, still able by some phenomenal play to snatch golf's golden guerdon. But only by some magic of club, nerve and luck could they do it, and the crowd, when it learned his score was 287, took his victory for granted. Fifteen thousand people couldn't go wrong. They didn't. But the Smiths, MacDonald and Horton, threatened for a time to discredit these prophets. The former, at the end of a great day, finished with a 289, while the latter came through with a 292. Bobby Jones' 287 stood unmatched.

Jones had won his third major tournament of 1930—his year of destiny. He had succeeded himself as national open champion. He had done what no other golfer in the annals of this upsetting game had done.

There was an electrical tensity to the air when Bobby began his trip up the hill.

Every one of those 15,000 spectators felt it.

Bobby Jones, after his sensational morning, in which he had shot the course records to pieces with a 68, was having a bad, almost disastrous, afternoon of it.

At the seventeenth, on the very fringe of the eighteenth, which was to see his triumphant march, he had almost ruined himself by slicing his ball into the swamp and losing it. He dropt another, and got away with a 5.

He seemed, nevertheless, sadly off form—relinquishing hole by hole much of that lead his inspired play of the morning had given him, on the verge of throwing it away entirely.

He was coming up to the eighteenth, a champion beset—perhaps a champion doomed.

And then, like the champion he is, he shook off that malign spell and called up his stout heart, his smashing power and his uncanny control to bring him through.

He sent a long drive that opened the floodgates of applause. Like one inspired, he reached the green with a long approach shot that turned this applause into frenzy.

He sank that long putt to send the spectators stark mad.

As Ed Danforth, sports editor of Bobby's home town *Constitution*, relates in a Minneapolis dispatch:

He was still 40 feet from the cup. Between him and the cup was an undulation. This time Bobby did not wait for quiet. While the throng was rushing up behind him, closing in for the kill, Bobby stood over his ball and smacked it hard with "Calamity Jane." Up the slope the ball climbed, out across the green into the sunlight it raced, and scurried into the cup for a birdie 3. Pandemonium broke loose. It was a championship finish.

The heart that would not break had tipped the clubs with fire. The crowd was overwhelmed with the melodrama of the finish. The 3 gave him a 75. The 75 gave him a 287. The 287 gave him a championship.

Among the first to reach Bobby's side at the finish was his father, we learn from Milt Davis, to whose account we now return, reading on:

His mother, ill during the past two days, was at her hotel, and did not see her son's victory.

Bobby, a bit self-conscious at all the to-do about him, smiled his acknowledgment to the crowd, and then, after his modest manner, hurried away as quickly as he could.

"I don't believe I ever hit my shots better in any tournament," he remarked, a little later. "But the wind fooled me at times. The course would feel fairly calm as the crowd framed the tees, but when the ball traveled out into the open, the wind would catch it. That is what happened at the ninth hole in the afternoon when I overshot the green. I was fooled again at the seventeenth when I hugged the side too close and the wind carried the ball into the swamp. I am mighty glad to have won this tournament."

With his father, he hurried to the hotel to receive the most heartfelt congratulations of all—those from his mother.

NOBODY seems to doubt that when September comes Master Bobby will walk off with the National Amateur crown, making it unanimous, as it were, and quadrupling his empire over world golf. It is pointed out that none of the amateurs in the open tournament caused him any sleepless nights.

No, it was the pros who bothered him. Their anti-Jones solidarity is dwelt upon in another of Mr. Danforth's *Constitution* dispatches, thus:

Bobby figuratively had been put on the "spot" by the most powerful professionals in the par-running game. They had sworn to get him this time in the narrow winding fairways of this northwestern course. The amateur too long had hijacked their precious prize, the open crown. That is worth $50,000 to any professional who wins it, and only so much glory to the amateur.

The professionals sent word of their intentions. They were well armed and trained to the minute. And grimly carrying

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their threats into effect they hemmed him in with a ring of scores in the first two rounds. As the day came for the final struggle, Bobby Jones was surrounded by at least a dozen great men of golf, any of whom was within easy range and was equipped with all needed weapons.

Bobby saw his plight. He backed in his corner, drew his rods, and out of the cul-de-sac he strode. Destruction spewed from one hand, and discouragement spat from the other. Bobby got the jump on them and drove them away in sickening disorder.

SOME human aspects of the battle between Bobby and the pros are furnished by Grantland Rice in the New York *Sun*. Selecting some high spots:

Here not more than five strokes apart you have Horton Smith, Bobby Jones, Harry Cooper, MacDonald Smith, Tommy Armour, Johnny Farrell, Walter Hagen, Whiffy Cox, and John Golden, with Leo Diegel and others only a step away. These are all seasoned campaigners. They can play golf, and they have known the flame and fire of competition, and they are all capable of tearing into par with a pickax. Facing the final day there has been no championship that carried so many thrills, and that left more high-class talent all set to battle for the big prize.

In many respects the duel between Bobby Jones and Horton Smith must be classed as one of the epics of golf.

As these two squared away, a big gallery of 10,000 or more split apart—about half to follow the lanky entry from Missouri and the other half to watch Bobby Jones. Smith was playing just ahead of Jones. Smith could hear every cheer that roared across the valleys and bounded back from the hills. Jones could hear the roaring applause that greeted every fine shot that Horton Smith played, and he played his full share of them. Bobby was leading Horton by a stroke when they began. At the first hole Smith had a 4 and Bobby had a 5, so they were all square on the total count. And then young Smith began to play about all the golf there was.

SKIPPING the scoring details, we find that the pair were neck and neck as they stood on the ninth, and then:

Just after Bobby hit his drive at this hole, he must have heard the wild roar from the Horton Smith gallery. At any rate, he failed to catch his second correctly, and the ball, hitting the water forty yards from shore, skipt by the water-lilies, and finally ran on to dry ground. As Walter Hagen explained it: "He never topped the shot, or it would never have crossed the water. He caught it with an overspin, half smothered, and when you do that, water is the same as concrete or rubber. It wasn't as bad a shot as the gallery thought it was. But it wasn't the type of shot that Bobby usually plays."

Just over the water Bobby pitched stone dead and got his 4 for a 34. So here were Horton Smith and Bobby Jones all square, with nine holes left. But when it came to the last nine, Horton Smith played the better golf. He made just two mistakes on this last nine, which is long and narrow, and which happened to be swept by a cross-countering wind. Horton cracked his pitch too boldly at the tenth, and he faded his tee shot at the fourteenth, and the rest of it was just as good golf as any one could play.

There was just one hole that pushed Jones back. This was the fifteenth, a fairly simple 4. He hooked his tee shot to the edge of heavy rough, missed the green on his second, barely got to the edge on his third from more rough, and then needed three more to get down for a 6. "This is the only hole that had me steaming," Bobby said later.

COME what may at the national amateur tournament at Merion in September, prophesies *The Virginian-Pilot*, 1930 will go down in golfing history as The Year of Jones. Because, for instance:

No other golfer has ever won three of the four major titles of the world in a single year. No other golfer has ever equaled his feat of winning twelve major titles in eight years.

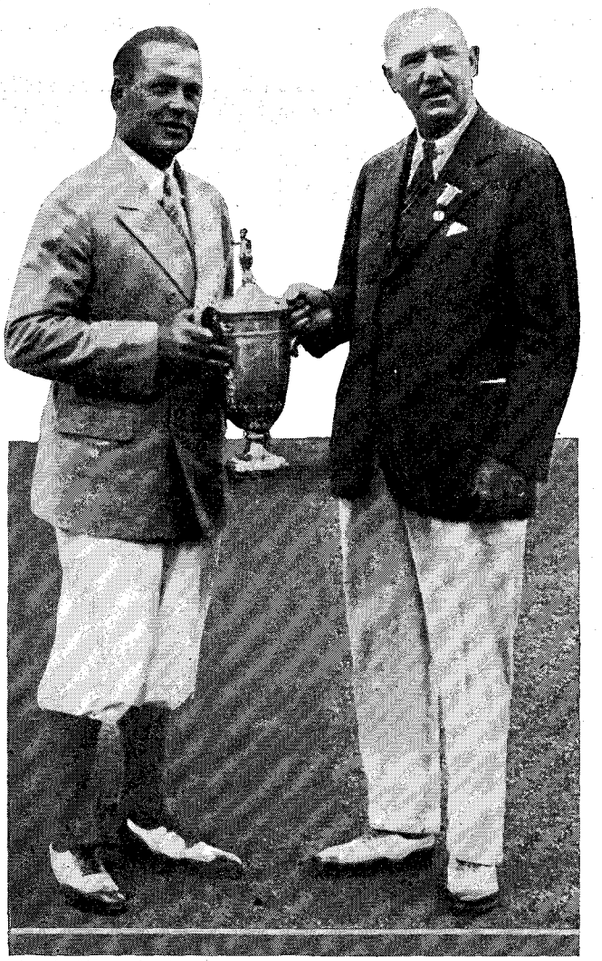
A victory at Merion would add the last achievement which it is possible for him to attain, and from the manner in which, as one of the commentators puts it, he had destiny by the throat, that is possible. But it is not necessary. The year 1930 is already The Year of Jones.

If anything could add to the achievements of Bobby Jones as a competitive spirit, it is the manner in which 1930 has driven home the lesson of his essential humanness. The legend that he is a mechanical golfer may never have had any basis in fact, but it can not stand up after St. Andrews, Hoylake, and Interlachen. Mechanical golf was the last thing that came from his clubs.

At St. Andrews he was on the verge of defeat at least three times, only to meet each crisis with accentuated brilliancy. At Hoylake he was never really on his game, and won only because he dug into some hidden resources of spirit and determination. At Interlachen he played two rounds which conceivably could be called close to mechanical golf, but then came his third round with its score of 68—sheer, sparkling golf genius—only to be followed by a final round which was veritable study in disaster, and repeated refusal to be overthrown by disaster.

The picture which rises out of this record is not the smooth, flawless performance of one who does not know the meaning of trouble, but the intensely competitive spirit which is frequently in difficulty, but can not be overcome by it.

The Year of Jones marks the greatest achievements which any



International Newsreel photograph

Just Another Mug for Bobby's Museum

It goes with the American Open Golf Championship, and is being presented to Bobby by Findlay Douglas, President of the U. S. Golf Association.

golfer has ever shown to the world. But it does something more: it marks the British amateur champion, the British open champion, and the American open champion as the possessor of determination, resolution, and courage—human qualities all—which evidence, in the realm of golf at least, an inner strength quite as remarkable as flawless technique.

LAST winter, the Washington *Post* reminds us, Lloyds, of London, was willing to wager 50 to 1 against Bobby Jones's chance of winning the four major golf championships during the present season. Reading on:

Three of them, namely, the British open and amateur and the American open, have been played, and Bobby has won them all. The odds now are not 50 to 1 against his chance of winning the American amateur at Merion in September. Bobby Jones has mowed down all opposition with such machinelike precision that the surprize will come if he should fail at Merion, not if he should win.

May Fortune, the indispensable partner of even the most invincible golfer, play on his side at Merion! Bobby Jones already has accomplished in winning three major championships, what no other before him has accomplished. May Fortune permit him to hang up a record this season that only another superman could equal.

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Allison's "Remember-the-Alamo" Tennis

WHIRLING, GYRATING WILMER was a confusing spectacle before the "astonished eyes" of the world's first ranking player.

Wilmer "kept getting the ball back over the net," which, John Kieran reminds us in his New York *Times* sports column, is a vital element in winning a tennis match.

"M'sieur Henri didn't do that," Mr. Kieran continues. "Apparently it slipt his mind in the confusion of watching Wilmer."

And that is how Wilmer Allison of Texas provided the sensation of the Wimbledon tournament by defeating Henri Cochet of France. Cochet, according to Al Laney in a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, is regarded by many as "the greatest player of the age."

True, Allison later fell before the onslaught of the redoubtable Big Bill Tilden and lost the Wimbledon title, which is looked upon in sports circles as being almost equivalent to the world championship. But in so brilliantly defeating Cochet he won more glory than is the share of most of his brother devotees of the courts. Since then we have had his play against the Italian and French Davis Cup teams in Paris, but we must hark back to his big performance at Wimbledon as perhaps his best claim to fame this season.

Allison hails from Texas and always "plays tennis in the Remember-the-Alamo spirit," Mr. Kieran tells us as he proceeds in *The Times* to a description of the young man's technique:

He sprints, springs, somersaults, and scrambles. If his opponent hits one over the backstop, Wilmer has to be restrained from going after it.

He has a good all-around game, but the main feature of his play is the spirit and steam that he carries to the tennis wars.

Apparently he got the jump by taking the first set from Cochet and then kept the pressure on all the way.

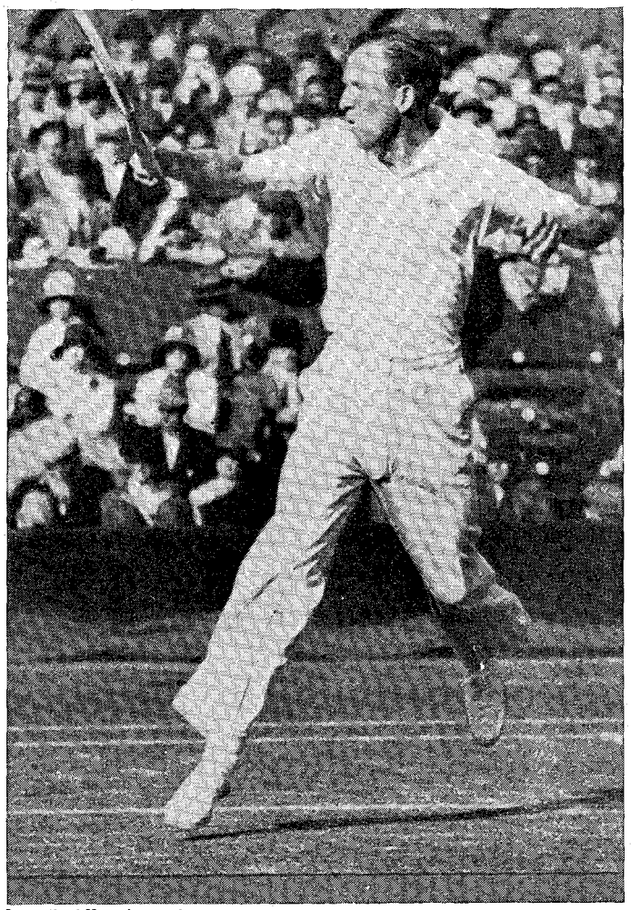
Those close to the net say that what kept Wilmer from rising to the top was lack of confidence in his own ability. Well, he should have plenty of confidence now after beating the world's amateur champion in straight sets.

The odd part about it is that Allison is supposed to be better at doubles than at singles. He was ranked only seventh in our national list and A. Wallis Myers, the British tennis critic whose international ranking list is scanned with attention by tennis enthusiasts here and abroad, didn't include him in the First Ten at all, even tho his First Ten included five American players.

It's good to come across an upset on the courts. The fact that tennis runs so true to form in most engagements is something of a drawback from a spectator's view-point.

The courts often hold out the prospect of a fine battle but rarely the chance of a dramatic surprise.

Incidentally, there will be loud cheering in the Land of the Longhorns over the Wimbledon victory of Wilmer. They play plenty of tennis down in Texas and in recent years have turned out Allison, Berkeley Bell, White, Thalheimer, Quick, and half a dozen other good players.



International News photograph

The Texas Tennis Tornado

ALLISON "climbed to the heights of tennis fame" behind a "vicious service and a complement of bludgeon strokes," Mr. Laney tells us in his dispatch to *The Herald Tribune*. The victory was in straight sets, 6—4, 6—4, 6—3, and 18,000 spectators "packed around the center court rose and cheered Allison as he toppled the champion from his throne." Reading on in Mr. Laney's account of the actual play:

The Texan's triumph was so sensational that it overshadowed the day's happenings on other courts and made George Lott's defeat by Jean Borotra, in four hard sets, seem less important than it might otherwise have been.

The American youth touched greatness. He carried the fight boldly to the net, where he cut off the volley of lightning shots that left Cochet's racket tagged for placement. In the last game Cochet led, 30—15, but Allison brought off volleys for the next two points which it was believed only Cochet himself could make, and the Frenchman dumped the match point weakly into the net off a backhand volley.

Allison's service, beautifully disguised as to direction, was a powerful weapon throughout the match, and Cochet never was able to stand inside the base line and take it on the rise.

When he stood back for it he was fed softer but heavily spun, high-kicking balls, on which most of his replies were tentative.

One of the amazing features of Allison's play was the fact that Cochet was able to score just once overhead in twenty-nine games. The American tossed up that one early in the first set and the ball was promptly put away.

Thereafter, to the end, he relied on his dipping drives down the side-lines, or across the court whenever Cochet advanced, which, after he had been cleanly passed several times, was not often.

The match began with Cochet taking his service in less than a minute and breaking through Allison for a lead of 2—love. In these games Allison had won only two points, but he quickly retaliated by taking his own delivery and breaking the Frenchman to square matters. Increasing his pace he went on to lead 4—2 through Cochet's careless errors. He then needed only to hold his service games to win, 6—4.

The first four games of the second set were governed by service when Allison let loose a stream of perfect length drives from both wings, following them with carefully guarded and well-gaged advances to the net, where his volleys were crisp and decisive.

He ran to the lead in the fifth game and very nearly went out in the ninth game, in which he held set point twice.

THE American, "seeing a chance to gain a two-set lead, was going out desperately for everything, and in attempting to return a delicate cross-court volley, which Cochet dumped on the line close to the net, was unable to check himself and jumped over the barrier among the spectators," the exciting account continues:

In the next game the score went to deuce twice, and Allison

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needed three points for the set. Cochet was fighting hard but his strokes continued to let him down.

As Cochet began service in the final set he looked worried. He seemed to realize that it was not going to be easy to recover this lost ground and he began to put more force into his service. He won this game easily, finishing with a service ace. What little vacant space there had been around the court was filled now, for word had spread that Allison was leading Cochet by two sets.

The Frenchman had created such a scare more than once on this court and the crowd's confidence in him, even at this stage, remained unshaken. But he could make no impression on Allison's defense so long as the American held service, and the games quickly went to 3—all without a break, Allison having somewhat greater difficulty holding his than Cochet.

In the fourth game Allison was 40—love, but a deuce was called twice before he won it.

Then, after Cochet had gone into the lead, 3—2, Allison came fighting back and, with victory in sight, ran off with four games—in only one of which the score reached deuce—for the set and match.

To do this he had to play great tennis under pressure which Cochet was increasing every minute, and in spite of the fact that he foot-faulted several times. Foot-faults were called against him in every set, but he refused to be put off his game by these annoyances.

Allison's game was the all-court game, working nearly perfectly. He attacked whenever opportunity offered, and he had the shots with which to defend his base-line whenever Cochet's attack became sustained. He volleyed with fine spirit and excellent judgment, and again and again his powerful forehand drive rebounded from the Frenchman's racket into the net.

After he had made an error on a set point that beat him the Frenchman stood for a moment as tho dazed, then ran to congratulate the victor, who with an exuberance of spirits tossed his racket into the air and jumped over the net to throw his arms around Cochet amid a storm of cheering.

IN the New York *Times* Magazine, George H. Copeland adds these personal data regarding the young star:

Allison, the young Texan, was the sensation of the Wimbledon tournament. Ranked number seven in the United States and not considered among the first ten world players, he swept through Cochet, world's first ranking player, without the loss of a set. He was later defeated by Tilden, but by a superlative Tilden. A few breaks and foot-faults hurt his cause considerably. His showing in the singles was the more surprizing, due to the fact that until recently he has been regarded as fundamentally a doubles player.

Allison and Van Ryn, altho ranked below the Lott-Doeg combination in the United States, were the sensation of last year's Davis Cup doubles match with France.

Allison is twenty-five years old, about five feet nine inches tall, and he weighs approximately 150 pounds. His smashing of lobs, especially valuable to a doubles player, is considered his strongest point. He has a strong "American twist" service and is quick to follow it to the net, where his volleying is decisive. He has a good

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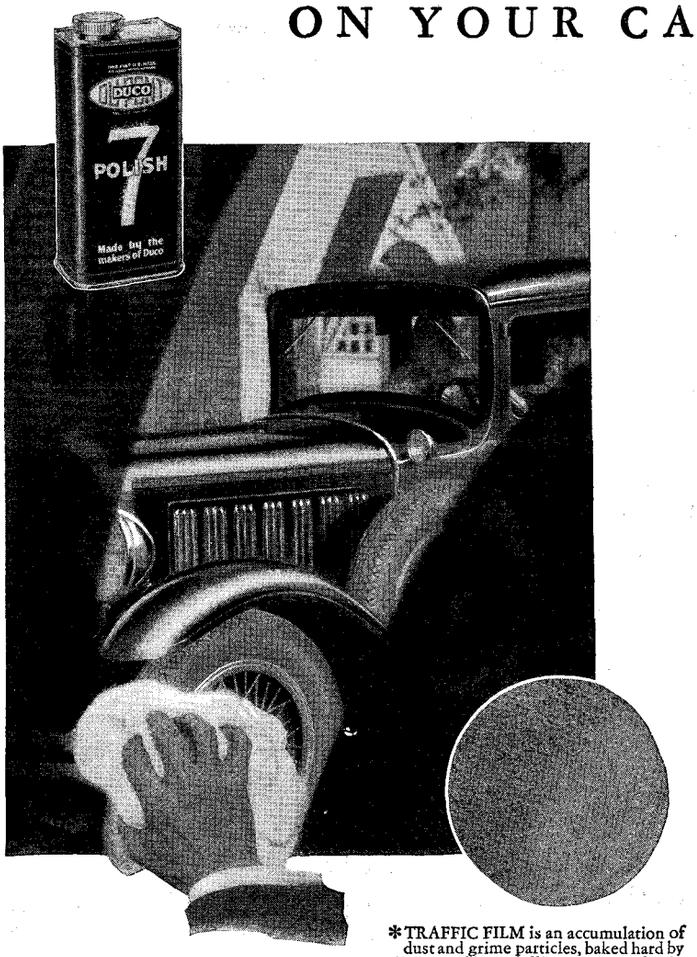

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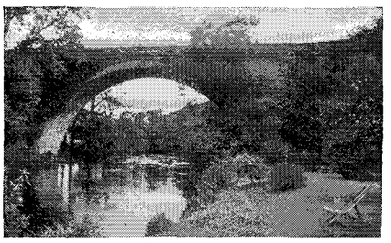

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By E. M. Newman

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Mr. Newman begins with Shakespeare's home on the Avon and ends with Harry Lauder's favorite links in Scotland. Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, Oxford, Cambridge, Canterbury with its holy relics, Cornwall, the "Pirates of Penzance," Wessex, the Isle of Man, etc. Into Wales to Llandudno, Bettws-y-Coed, the scenic beauties of Snowden, and Doone Valley, where Lorna and John Ridd lived and loved. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Loch Lomond, the wondrous Trossachs, the rugged Highland haunts of Scott, Burns, and Stevenson. Tho London, which is to have a separate volume, is not included, such bustling cities as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, and Sheffield are not forgotten. "Everywhere," says the New York *Times*, "Mr. Newman sees the historically famous, the humanly interesting, the picturesque, the beautiful, and describes all he sees in straightforward style."

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

backhand and a powerful forehand drive. He is one of the hardest workers on the courts to-day, and never knows when he is beaten.

AND in the sports department of *The Times* we are told further:

It was only three years ago that Allison first came into prominence when he won the national intercollegiate championship. In 1928 he made his début as a Davis Cup player, tho he was used only in the American zone. Last year he won world renown when, with John Van Ryn, he captured the Wimbledon doubles championship and won the interzone and challenge round doubles matches in the Davis Cup play. In the challenge round he and Van Ryn defeated Cochet and Jean Borotra.

In 1928 the Texan won a ranking at number five. Last year he dropt to number seven, altho he defeated Lott in the national championship. The belief prevailed in tennis circles that Allison's future in the game was as a doubles player and he has had little consideration as a Davis Cup singles prospect. Last April, however, he defeated both Lott and John Doeg in the Mason-Dixon championship at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and his stock rose considerably, only to take a drop again when he fell an easy victim to Van Ryn in the final of the tournament.

Some English Slams at the "No Foul" Rule

MERRY England is far from merry over the recent ruling of the New York Boxing Commission that foul blows will no longer disqualify boxers in the Empire State.

Dignified hands were raised in horror when news of the move, discust under "Sports and Athletics" in THE DIGEST of July 12, reached the home of the "sweet science."

In a word, England will have none of this development, according to Dewey Fleming, writing from London to the Baltimore *Sun*.

"Amazing," "extraordinary," "ridiculous," and "stupendously silly" are some of the epithets being hurled at this far-reaching amendment to the Queensberry rules, Mr. Fleming tells us. Then the writer predicts that the change "will widen the already formidable breach between British and American ideas of boxing." Reading on:

Indeed, if one is to believe the prophecies of most English sports writers, and a great many men actively connected with the fighting game itself, the British Boxing Board of Control will never associate itself with such a ruling, and many of England's best fighters may refuse to go into a New York ring.

In several London newspapers the stir over the new ruling has spread beyond the sports pages to a place in the editorial columns, and in a few instances cartoonists have been employed graphically to abuse the idea.

What the New York commission has done, in the view of most English followers of the game, is to reintroduce "all-in" fighting, and there is pronounced unanimity of opposition to a move of this kind.

The Morning Post, one of London's most dignified journals, says editorially that the legalization of "all-in" fighting may satisfy certain American patrons of the ring "who care little for the sweet science of skilful pugilism and love to see Sharkey or some other tough-rough engaged in breaking all the rules of chivalrous pugilism," but the "ridiculous ruling will not be accepted in England, which is the mother country of boxing and will always maintain the traditional rules of one of the finest of virile man-to-man sports. We shall have nothing to do with this new ignoble art."

The Star says:

It is a typical American idea to alter the rules rather than face the trouble of conforming to them, but our American friends can not expect us to willingly follow their quick-change methods. The new game may be a good sensation, but it is not boxing, and we hope English boxers will hesitate long before they agree to engage in it. There seems no reason why our men should drop their own notions of fairness and sport to engage in a game which in their hearts they can not but regard as unclean.

WRITING in *The Daily Express*, Trevor Wignall says, according to this account, "Nothing more stupendously silly has ever come out of any country." Continuing, he observes:

The heat-wave must have affected this quaint body, for what they have actually done is to reintroduce "all-in" fighting. When they were about it, why did they not legalize cross-buttocking, and gouging, and biting?

That would have taken us back to the lovely days of James Figg, when pleasantries like digging out an eye were part of the game. Instead of telling boxers to wear protection belts, why not insist that they wear suits of armor?

Needless to say, there is a simpler way of stopping fouls than this, and it has often been mentioned in this column. It is that those fighters who foul, deliberately or by accident, be deprived of every penny of the purses they have been guaranteed.

GEOFFREY SIMPSON, in *The Daily Mail*, says that "in these conditions it will actually pay to foul, for what sort of opposition will be forthcoming from a badly fouled and injured boxer in the rounds subsequent to that in which he has been punched unfairly?" And we are told as we continue:

Simpson thinks the New York commission's rule will simply encourage battles of "the street-corner variety," and concludes:

"As I have written so many times, there is only one way to end fouls. There must be immediate disqualification of every boxer who fouls and—most important—every disqualified boxer must forfeit his purse-money."

The boxing expert of *The Daily Herald* says the New York decision "aims at a vital part of clean sport, and would encourage fighters to win by any means, fair

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or foul. We in Great Britain," he continues, "will never reconcile ourselves with such hooliganism. Foul blows have always been a blot on decent sportsmanship, and we can never allow boxing to degenerate into street-fighting."

Lionel Bettinson, manager of the National Sporting Club, calls the rule a "mad" one, and asserts it is going to reduce American boxing to a "disgusting level."

And J. E. Dewhurst, secretary of the Belsize Club, is of the opinion that the rule will certainly lessen the importance of the scientific element, and notes:

"Stomach blows are quite legal and desirable, but if punching anywhere below the belt is to be permitted, the standard of boxing must deteriorate."

All of the commentators remark, significantly, that a long line of American heavyweight champions, from Peter Jackson to Tunney, have been able to demolish strong and skilful antagonists without smashing the code of the game, and they think it absurd that a most dangerous practise should be legalized for the benefit of "second-rate savages."

How to Race Whippets

THE speediest thing man has ever devised in the sporting line without mechanical aid. Ice hockey is slow in comparison.

Watch a whippet flash over a 200-yard course in twelve seconds from slip to rag—it is something to see, even for our speed-mad generation. With this invitation and declaration, Katharine Crosby, writing in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, backs up her claims for the speed of whippet racing.

Try judging the finish for a bunch of six or eight dogs, when those little "bunches of fire and steel" catapult out of their lanes at the end of the course, we are invited further.

The question is whether the sport is too fast for us, the writer concedes. It hasn't been in England, certainly, where it enjoys a great vogue, and has for many years.

But how does one race whippets, those fleet and game little creatures? Miss Crosby obligingly furnishes us with a detailed but brief treatise on the subject. Reading on in *The Evening Transcript:*

The future of the whippet here seems to depend on increasing the number of whippet lovers. To be a whippet lover is practically the same as being a whippet owner, and that again is pretty sure to mean a whippet racer.

It is an inexpensive sport—that is, it can be. A pup can be bought for around $50, or a trained dog brought in from the old country for around $100. Any one—man, woman or child—can train them and "run" for them.

They make good house dogs, so their living need cost no more than that of the usual pet. At present, most whippets are owned by men able to employ trainers for them, and to import champion stock; it is on much the same basis as a racing stable.

The race-track consists of several parallel lanes, four feet wide, and separated by white tapes. The course is usually 200 yards. To be eligible, a dog must weigh not less than ten pounds, and not more than twenty-eight—if he weighs more, he is a greyhound.

The full-weight dog starts at scratch, the little ten-pounder is given twenty-eight and a half yards start of him.

Each dog has with him two people—a slipper and a runner-up; the former is usually a man, the latter is often a woman or even a child, but it should be the person of whom he is the fondest, for love plays a big part in the race, as I will explain presently. They take their places at the head of the course, with the officials. The Judges of Slipping and the Judges of the Finish take their positions.

THE slippers hold the dogs, each in his own lane, we read. The runners-up start down the lanes, at a dog-trot (appropriately enough), each waving a big white rag and yelling to his dog to come get it. Then:

When he reaches the far end of the course, he faces the dog and continues to wave and yell.

The starter calls, "Ready!" The slippers grab their dogs and lift them—one hand on the scruff of the neck, the other round the butt of the tail. A good slipper means a great deal to a dog, for he knows how to throw him in such a way that he lands running, with momentum enough to carry him forward till he has picked up his own speed.

At the sound of the shot, the dog is thrown. There is a flash of black or gold, and they are down the course. Their runners-up are waiting with the rag—each dog grabs his own and is swung off the ground as he finishes.

How else would you stop a living projectile going thirty-five miles an hour?

THE pup's first lesson comes when he is about a month old, and in this manner:

His trainer contrives to get him interested in the gamesome possibilities of a white rag. Some pups take to it instantly, others, they tell me, are slow in getting the idea. But eventually they get it, chase it, shake it, run for it, swing on it. Their play times are always associated with it, they want it, and they will run for it. But—and here a really nice element comes into the sport—they will run for it faster if it is held by their trainer, the one person they love best in all the world.

The second step in their training is to run between the tapes. They are taken out on the course and run with a veteran dog, being given a long lead so they will win—losing so early in their career would be bad for their morale.

Grueling for the trainer is the daily walk which he or she must take with the dogs every day, rain or shine, when they are getting ready for a race. Three to five miles they must go, and straining at the leash all the way.

That is the important part of the whole procedure, that pulling ahead on the collar, for it strengthens the dog's lungs and heart as well as his muscles.

Each dog has his own racing weight, and he must train for it. But he is a high liver, for all that, with fresh eggs and steak and lamb on his daily menu. I can't see any reason to feel sorry for a whippet—they have it pretty soft.

The wonder is, when they are so pampered, that they remain such thoroughly good sports.

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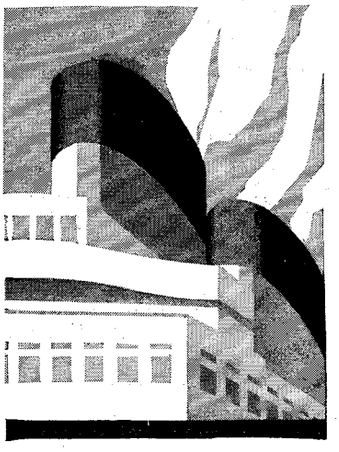

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

A Decade of Anthracite Peace

"YOU CAN HAVE IT if you don't call it the 'check-off,'" said the operators.

"You may call it anything you wish, if you will grant it to us," answered the mine-workers, at the recent anthracite conference.

And the result is a compromise by which after thirty years of struggle the hard-coal miners at last get what is practically a check-off system whereby the operators help collect the union dues. The compromise on this point, as the Philadelphia *Record* in the anthracite State notes, indicates a "cool-headed advance in methods" which characterized the conference as a whole.

Here is a real stabilization of the anthracite industry, for there has not been a hard-coal strike since 1926, and the new agreement will run to 1936, so we are assured of ten years of anthracite peace. And the Philadelphia *Inquirer* further reminds us:

> The Department of Commerce at Washington sees in the new five-year agreement between miners and operators implications wider than the effect on the anthracite region.
>
> It believes New England and Canada are unlikely to increase their use of Russian coal, a contingency for which Washington lacks a remedy of any kind immediately available. It believes also that the stabilization of price and production should assist the American export market.
>
> Of the local effect, there can be no dispute. Business in the district concerned has been disappointing. Families there have been living on short rations. Now Congressman Esterly predicts an era of freer spending as confidence in the future grows from the assurance the pact has already inspired.
>
> The satisfaction brought by the decision is evident on all sides.

THE agreement continues present wage scales and provides for a permanent committee of twelve, six from each side, who may call in outside experts to aid in the resolution of problems developing during the life of the agreement. The modified check-off provides that the operators may collect from employees, only at their request, not more than one dollar a month apiece and forward it to the union treasury. The workers agree to cooperate in the promotion of efficiency in operating methods as long as it does not decrease miners' earnings. The Washington *Star* notes that the men yield on only one important point—"that of equalizing work during slack times among the various mines or individual companies."

But another point made by this paper, as well as several others, is that the decreasing demand for anthracite made the old-fashioned anthracite strike-threat impossible in this summer of 1930. Time was when a discussion between anthracite miners and operators caused the utmost anxiety and worry all through the Eastern part of the country, and "people wondered whether they would be able to keep warm through the winter." But, continues the Portland *Express* in Maine—

> There was a reason for this.
>
> It was that the people of the Eastern States had come to accept anthracite as the only kind of a fuel they could burn.
>
> It was good fuel, and is now, and it is more generally used in the East than any other, but we have learned that it will be possible to keep warm and get the cooking done if not another ounce of hard coal was ever excavated from the bowels of the earth.
>
> We began to find this out during the World War when a real scarcity of fuel existed. We learned that soft coal could be burned at no great inconvenience, and that coke made a very acceptable fuel. Since then other fuels have been found to be reasonably cheap and available—oil, gas, and even electricity.

WE are reminded by *The Wall Street Journal* that "an average anthracite production of more than 87,000,000 tons in the three years following the war has fallen to an average of less than 77,000,000 in the three years last past."

W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times* learns that the declining demand has cut deeply into the revenues of anthracite operators—"total receipts for 1928 were 6.5 per cent. less than in 1927, and 17.5 per cent. less than in 1924."

That Two-Dollar-Bill Jinx Again

THE IDEA THAT THERE IS SOMETHING unlucky about the two-dollar bill—so that many people tear the corners off them to avert misfortune—occasionally arouses newspaper curiosity. A few weeks ago we quoted an editorial query from the New York *World* about the origin of this superstition. A number of our readers have since written in with suggestions to account for the belief in the unluckiness of this particular note. And without any more preliminaries we will reveal to our other readers what these suggestions are.

First of all, a California reader, it seems, had a two-dollar bill handed to him in the course of business. It had three corners torn off, and in passing it out again in change to a customer, he remarked that it had been through three poker games. It seems that the customer, himself well along in years, had a still older brother who had been many years a sea captain. So he had a very definite theory about the two-dollar bill. According to his tale, in the old buccaneer days the number 13 was considered unlucky, and then, since 13 "pieces-of-eight" was the equivalent of two dollars, the buccaneers put the sum of two dollars in a class with the number 13.

Several friends believe that the unluckiness of the two-dollar bill is a favorite belief of gamblers, and a Michigan reader puts it this way:

> We owe many superstitions to gamblers, a class which reads portents of evil fortune into black cats, spilled salt, a glimpse of the new moon over one's left shoulder; good luck into a rabbit's feet.
>
> The two-dollar bill, by analogy, is the "two-spot" or "deuce," a bad card to have "in the hole," whether the game be black-jack or stud.

THE race-track is the source of the superstition, according to a Missouri reader:

> Two dollars is the minimum wager on a horse at most race-tracks, and is the bet that is most often made.
>
> Now when it comes to picking a winner out of a horse-race, well it's rather hard to do, and of course the better loses a great many times oftener than he wins.
>
> So, the jinx came about by these betters, making two-dollar wagers, and losing so often that some one imagined that the two-dollar bill was a jinx, because it happened a few times when he bet with one that he lost his bets, and so started the story which keeps going the rounds.

ANOTHER reader, who says he was raised in the South, gives us the interesting information that in that part of the country the Negroes clipt the corners from two-dollar bills, "believing that they would not then have twins in the family."

Still another was informed by "an old-time politician" that the odium attaching to this bill was caused "by the old habit of buying votes at the polls on Election Day; the two-dollar bill was very often the price paid for the vote, so the recipient passed the bill as soon as possible—a little ashamed of the transaction, I suppose."

Then, a Virginia merchant of twenty years' experience attributes the dislike of the bill to the rarity with which it turns up in the course of business—"most of us have a sort of creepy feeling when something 'seldom' takes place."

Another merchant, this time in Pennsylvania, says from his experience as a retailer that "there is no question of superstition in connection with the two-dollar bill, it is just a d—— nuisance":

> There is no compartment provided in our cash register for them, and when we are handed one by a customer we have to secrete it away somewhere until we get a chance to pass it on to the bank. We can't very well hand it out to another customer for change, that is if we want to retain their good-will. The only possible use it has is when some one purchases a 2-cent stamp and hands us a $20 bill in payment. Then we can get back at him by unloading all the two-dollar bills we have on hand.

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Rapid Americanization of Japan

THE Westernization of Japan goes on apace, and naturally helps explain why Japan is becoming one of our very best customers. Since the recent earthquake, both Tokyo and Yokohama have been rebuilt as modern cities. No less significant, writes V. P. Copping in *Commerce Reports*, is the difference in the mode of living of the urban population since the earthquake:

The desire for motor-cars, western-style clothing, and even the growing demands for western types of food, are evident at every turn.

Altho rice is still the principal article of diet, wheat flour is being used extensively, while coffee, condensed milk, and meat are appearing on Japanese menus. In the field of outdoor sports, such western games as baseball, tennis, and golf are quite popular.

These comparatively new tastes are gradually spreading to the outlying districts.

Automobiles and buses are penetrating rural sections, bringing farm dwellers in closer contact with cities. Recruiting of farm labor for factories in industrial centers has done much to arouse the interest of workers in the new standard of living. Imprest by the advantages of machinery over hand labor, these workers, upon returning to farms, gradually are substituting kerosene- and gasoline-engines for man-power; and steel plows, with occasional tractors, are slowly replacing wooden implements. Even in the paddy-fields the antiquated method of irrigation by man-power treadle is giving way to small combustion-engines and pumps.

The present low purchasing power of the farmer, however, prohibits extensive use of modern implements, but the desire for them is evident, and as economic conditions improve, more modern agricultural equipment doubtless will be purchased.

Striking evidences of American influence are to be found everywhere in modern Japan, particularly in the reconstructed areas of Tokyo and Yokohama, continues Mr. Copping, who belongs to the Far Eastern division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce:

Many buildings are constructed largely of American lumber and reenforced steel, along modern architectural lines, which have been adapted to Japan's requirements by American engineers or by Japanese trained in the United States.

The American automobile and truck predominate, and in shop-windows may be seen haberdashery, household wares, canned goods, pharmaceuticals, office equipment, electrical supplies, and other merchandise decidedly American in character. Theaters in large cities widely advertise films produced in the United States, and in recent months sound pictures have been well received.

The popularity of American products and Japan's need of raw materials for its growing industries are held to explain why imports from the United States have increased 137 per cent. in the last thirteen years. Indeed, we read on in the Department of Commerce periodical:

The United States now holds first place in Japan's trade, while Japan is the fifth largest market for American merchandise. In 1929 Japan received goods from the

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

United States valued at $259,127,898, and was exceeded in importance as a market for American products only by Canada, Great Britain, Germany, and France.

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It is the second largest buyer of our sole leather, Douglas fir, boards, and planks, black-steel sheets, lead, automobile parts for assembly, and crude petroleum; and is third as a purchaser of wheat and gas and fuel oil.

It purchases large quantities of our leaf-tobacco, condensed milk, illuminating oil, semi-manufactured and galvanized iron, and steel plates, as well as different types of machinery, and ranks among the first six markets for a number of other important commodities.

What Italy Is Up Against

BACK of Mussolini's fighting talk for "a place in the sun," lie serious problems.

How to feed such a rapidly increasing population?

Lack of raw materials for manufactures.

Overindustrialization, with unemployment.

Italy's problems, therefore, are "not so much of a political as of an economic nature," according to *The Business Conditions Weekly*, published by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, New York. That publication offers a careful analysis of the situation.

"The chief problem that confronts the Italy of to-day is to find employment for its rapidly increasing population," we read, for—

Altho the annual birth-rate decreased from 32.6 per thousand inhabitants during 1905-1909 to 26.9 in 1927, the excess of births over deaths is to-day greater than before the war, because of the decrease in the death-rate from 21.7 to 15.7 per thousand inhabitants. Italy is one of the most densely populated countries in the world, having a population of about 323 persons per square mile.

Two additional factors make the situation more difficult, namely, "that Italian emigration has been greatly restricted, and that Italy lacks natural resources." Concerning restriction, we are told:

Before the war a large number of Italian emigrants went to other countries, thus not only decreasing the supply of labor at home, but also increasing immigrant remittances to Italy. Since 1921, however, a number of countries have put up barriers to the unlimited entrance of Italian immigrants, and particularly the quota restrictions imposed by the United States have led to a sharp decrease in Italian emigration.

When, if ever, can Italy expect to produce enough food-stuffs for her rapidly increasing population? She has endeavored to solve this problem in two ways, we are told:

(1) to increase agricultural production; and (2) to develop industries in order to find a new outlet for the Italian laborer. Altho substantial progress has been made and the area under cultivation as well as the yield of the individual crops has increased, Italy at the present time is still not in a position to produce enough food-stuffs for domestic consumption, and the excess of imports over exports of food-stuffs is a decisive element in the Italian balance of trade.

Since the soil of Italy is already densely cultivated, and only small stretches of new land can be brought under cultivation without tremendous cost, it is questionable whether Italy in the future can reach a position where it will produce sufficient food-stuffs to feed its population.

RAPID industrialization of every kind has characterized the post-war development of Italy under Mussolini, yet apparently the limit can be seen:

Industrialization has been aided by an abundance of skilled labor, by high tariffs, by the utilization of water-power, and by the Government. In spite of this, the future development of Italian industry seems to be limited.

Italy is greatly deficient in mineral resources. It has practically no coal, very little iron, and few other raw minerals which can be used for manufacturing purposes.

Italy, therefore, has to import not only large quantities of food-stuffs but also large quantities of raw materials for its industries. Altho the post-war development of hydro-electric power has progressed very rapidly, Italy is still importing each year large quantities of coal, and in 1929 the total production of coal in Italy, including lignite, amounted to only 7 per cent. of the total quantity imported.

Similarly, the increase in industrialization of the country has brought about a rapid increase in the imports of iron ore.

Further, it is pointed out, that—

The Italian colonies located in the northern part of Africa are lacking in natural resources, and are in most cases not suitable for colonization. They, therefore, can not absorb the surplus population of Italy.

BUT "in spite of the large excess of imports over exports, Italy's international accounts are balanced because of the large amount of immigrant remittances, tourist expenditures, and earnings of Italian shipping companies." The problem of Italy, therefore, repeats *The Business Conditions Weekly* "is not one of balance of payments but rather a problem of finding employment for a rapidly increasing population. This problem is to a considerable extent responsible for the legislation enacted by the Fascist Government, and is in a large measure responsible for the strained political relationship between Italy and its neighbors, notably France."

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Six Billions a Year for Highways

THE enormous sum of $6,000,000,000 a year will be spent on highways within the next decade, thinks the editor of *Roads and Streets* (Chicago). He considers such a sum by no means extravagant, and he sees no reason why our municipalities should not levy the taxes and issue the bonds necessary to secure these billions. The argument begins:

In the United States there is an average of one motor-car for 4.5 people.

California leads the States with one car for 2.3 people, Nevada being a close second with one for 2.4 people.

Iowa and Kansas tie for third place with one for 3.1 people.

When this country as a whole shall have reached the present California standard of car ownership, the number of cars will have nearly doubled. Our roads and streets will then have to accommodate about 53,000,000 cars instead of 26,500,000.

The number of cars increased 8 per cent. last year, whereas population increased only 1.5 per cent. If an 8 per cent. increase occurs, without compounding, for 12.5 years, the number of cars will be doubled. If the 8 per cent. compounds annually, the number of cars will be doubled in nine years.

It is probably not far amiss to estimate that by 1940 there will be twice as many cars in use in America as at present. In any event, the increase is certain to be enormous, and so rapid as to present highway engineers problems of great moment.

ALREADY our main thoroughfares are congested with the cars we have now. Mr. H. P. Gillette, editor of *Roads and Streets*, believes that we must give up assessing abutting property for street improvement, and must raise a considerable part of street-improvement funds from gasoline taxes and motor-car licenses. It seems to this writer that highway construction is bound to grow more rapidly than any other large branch of the construction industry:

America is now spending about three billion dollars annually in road and street construction, improvement and maintenance, including snow removal and street cleaning. If the number of motor-cars shall double in ten years, the money collected from gasoline taxes and licenses will more than double, for many States will undoubtedly raise the tax rates. Bond issues are likely to increase in per-capita volume, for motorists will continue to be impatient to lengthen, widen, and otherwise improve the highways.

And why not?

As we have repeatedly shown, highway expenditures continue to lag far behind the increase in motor-car expenditures. The American public has chosen to spend on motor-cars a very large part of its annual increase in earnings.

Shall it be denied the right to call for commensurate annual expenditures on the tracks over which those cars must run?

AN unnamed banker is quoted as warning against "our mounting taxes," particularly for road and street improvement, and Mr. Gillette makes this sharp reply:

The banker who urges curtailment of taxes for public works is really telling people that they are fools to expend their incomes for desired goods and services; for there is not an iota of difference between expending money for highways and expending it for the vehicles that use the highways, except that in the one case public officials do the buying for the taxpayer, and in the other case the taxpayer does his own buying.

Many Millions Spent Here by Foreign Tourists

WE hear so much about the way American tourists spend money abroad that it is somewhat surprizing to realize that the tourist expenditure is by no means all in the one direction. But Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce is authority for the statement that last year foreign tourists spent the respectable sum of $180,000,000 in this country. This appeared in a recent analysis of our foreign trade, and the Springfield *Republican* thus voices what it believes to be a rather general feeling of surprize:

We seldom or never see European tourists. It is an unheard-of experience to have a well-drest stranger stop you and in poor English inquire the way around. No one of us has read of a stream of Europeans with guide-books and umbrellas, all summer long, seeing the sights in Boston, New York, Washington, and in Chicago's gangland.

Some explanation of the mystery of the $180,000,000 spent in the United States last year by foreign tourists may be found in the fact that Latin-American and Canadian tourists are thus classified.

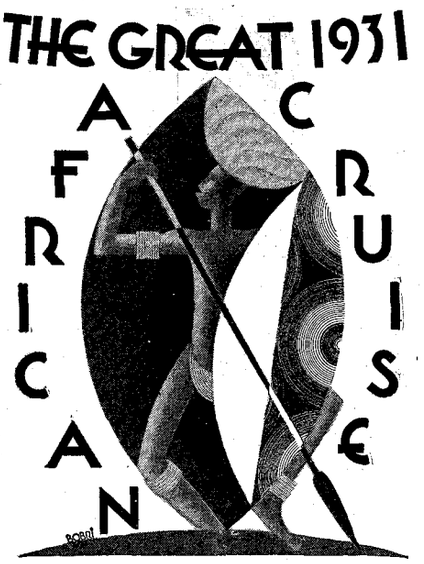
A trip to the United States is a common experience for Canadians or Latin Americans with the means and the desire to travel. They go to Europe, too, but, as inhabitants of the western continents, they can't ignore the biggest and strongest and richest and damnedest (as they see it) of all the countries in this hemisphere.

There is also a steady stream of Europeans coming here as tourists, not to mention some Chinese and Japanese of the upper classes seeing the world. They are not numerous enough to attract public attention. But go to any of the internationally celebrated show spots of America, and you will find them.

There is hardly a month in the year at all seasonable for tourists that does not bring some British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Japanese travelers to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, or to the Yosemite park in California, or to Niagara Falls. It is easier to find an English baronet or French countess at the Grand Canyon than in Boston.

If all these foreign tourists spent $180,000,000 last year in the United States, the financial balance of tourists expenditure remains heavily against this country, for last year Americans traveling everywhere abroad spent the huge sum of $878,000,000.

The time probably will never come when there will be an even balance established between what we spend abroad and what they spend here. As spenders we shall continue to hold the world championship.



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

France—Where Everybody Works

EVEN father works in France—which seems to be the one important country in the world where there is no unemployment.

This contrasts with the millions of jobless in the United States, Germany, Great Britain, and other industrial countries. In fact, as we read in *European Finance* (London), France's problem is to find enough workers to do the work. Indeed, "she has exhausted all home supplies of labor, and is obliged to comb out other countries to obtain the additional contingent necessary for carrying on industrial operations in France." The London weekly goes on, summarizing material appearing in the French periodical *L'Information:*

At one time France could secure workers from Italy; but this frontier is now practically closed against the inflow of labor into France.

Nor can much assistance be expected from the French possessions in the north of Africa, because the continuous development of industry and agriculture in these countries is rapidly absorbing all the available surplus labor. About 50,000 Austrians and Hungarians have found employment in France during the past few months, but this contingent is insignificant in comparison with the extent of the demand.

France has scarcely any other alternative than to open the door to unemployed workers from the eastern countries of Europe, who in some respects, mainly on account of the lack of education and the general low level of culture, are not entirely suitable for the conditions in Western Europe.

The prevailing crisis in the Polish coal industry has induced large numbers of Polish miners to emigrate to France, where they are mostly engaged for work in the potash and coal-mines. These Polish workers earn in France twice as much as they did in Poland for a much shorter working day; and even tho the cost of living for them may be higher in France than in their homeland, the net advantage is on their side. In addition to the unsatisfactory conditions in the European coal-mines, the general crisis in the textile trades, and agriculture in particular, has created a surplus of European workers available for absorption in the French industries. These workers come mostly from Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Spain.

L'Information is the London editor's authority for the statement that many French factories are unable to meet the demand for goods, because of inability to secure sufficient workers. Moreover, "building operations have not been able to keep pace with this growing industrial activity, with the result that there is a great shortage of housing accommodation for the workers, seriously aggravated by the influx of workers from abroad."

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

July 16.—The German Cabinet decides to enact by decree its financial program, including an additional income tax, bachelors' tax, and head tax, after the bill had been defeated by the Reichstag, 256 to 204.

The British Government dispatches two battle-ships to Alexandria, Egypt, to protect the lives and property of foreigners.

The British House of Lords bars women members, 53 to 49.

Martial law is proclaimed in Shanghai as a precaution against further outbreaks by Communists, who had launched three riots as a protest against the "activities of China's war-lords, who are ruining the country."

Fifteen people are reported killed in riots, due to economic causes, in Kishorganj, in northern Bengal.

July 17.—John Beckett, a Left Wing Labor member, seizes the golden mace, symbol of parliamentary authority, causing what is described as the worst uproar in the British Parliament in 300 years, and is suspended for the act.

The British Government rejects Foreign Minister Briand's proposals for a European Federal Union, but approves those for closer economic cooperation in Europe, and suggests they be laid before the next meeting of the League of Nations Assembly for discussion.

Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, permits two leaders in the Indian Legislative Assembly to interview Gandhi in jail, "to bring about the return of peaceful conditions in the country."

July 18.—President Hindenburg dissolves the Reichstag, following the defeat of the Government's financial program, which will be carried on through the dictatorial authority of the Federal Constitution.

The Northern Alliance commanders claim sweeping victories over the Chinese Nanking troops along the Haichow-Tungkwan railway in eastern Honan Province.

July 19.—Miss Marjorie Foster wins the rifle-shooting championship of the British Empire at Bisley, England, defeating ninety-nine competitors with a score of 280 out of a possible 300.

The Irish Free State, replying to Foreign Minister Briand's proposal for a European economic federation, agrees with the principle of cooperation, but holds that the same objects could be accomplished through the League of Nations.

July 21.—Viscountess Ednam, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Mrs. Henrik Loeffler, Sir Edward Simons Ward, Lieut.-Col. G. L. P. Henderson, pilot, and Charles Shearing, assistant pilot, are killed when an air-taxi explodes in mid-air over Meopham, England.

Six people are killed and many injured in clashes between the Wafdists and police in Cairo, Port Said, and Suez, Egypt.

July 22.—The Japanese Supreme Military Council decides that the London Naval Treaty is "defective" in so far as the national defense is concerned.

Forty people are drowned following the collapse of a bridge over the Moselle River at Coblenz, Germany, during the celebration of the evacuation of the Rhineland.

Domestic

July 16.—The Federal Farm Board, it is stated, will buy no more wheat now, and will not invoke the stabilization measure of the agricultural marketing act until the present surplus of wheat is reduced by voluntary action of the growers or by a decline in the world's supply to the point where it practically equals domestic consumption.

July 17.—Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, tells the Congressional committee investigating Communism in New York City that the Amtorg, the Soviet trading agency in this country, is used as a channel of communication between Moscow and American Communists, and that the Soviet Government is openly attempting to overthrow the American Government.

July 18.—The hard-coal miners' full-scale committee, meeting in New York City, unanimously confirms the agreement between the miners' and operators' committee, which concedes to the miners the check-off system of payment of dues, and to the operators a modified form of "arbitration," and allows for the consideration of wage scales and other questions. The agreement supersedes the present one expiring September 1, and runs to April 1, 1936.

Former Police Commissioner Grover A. Whalen of New York testifies before the Congressional committee investigating Communist activities that the documents implicating the Amtorg, the Soviet commercial agency here, as a source of Communist propaganda are genuine.

Zaro Agha, a Turk reported to be 156 years old, arrives at Providence, Rhode Island, to begin a tour of the United States.

July 19.—More than 100 people are injured when a New York-bound Pennsylvania Railroad train from Philadelphia strikes an automobile at Elizabeth, New Jersey, and is wrecked.

President Hoover sends to the Senate a list of nominations, including that of Nicholas Roosevelt of New York as Vice-Governor of the Philippine Islands, William M. Jardine as Minister to Egypt, and Claude L. Draper of Wyoming, Ralph B. Williamson of Washington State, and Marcel Garsaud of Louisiana as members of the Federal Power Commission.

July 20.—A hot wave strikes the country, the mercury reaching 107 in Richmond, Virginia, and in New York City five people die.

July 21.—Fourteen people die from the heat in New York City, where the mercury reaches 99.

The Senate ratifies the London Naval Treaty by a vote of 58 to 9, and adopts Senator Norris's reservation against "secret understandings."

The Senate confirms the nomination of Brig.-Gen. Frank T. Hines as administrator of the Bureau of Veterans' Affairs, and the nomination of William M. Jardine as Minister to Egypt.

July 22.—President Hoover signs the London Naval Treaty.

The country-wide heat wave breaks, after nineteen more die in the metropolitan area of New York City, and twenty in other parts of the country.

James Eads How, "millionaire hobo," and member of a distinguished St. Louis family, dies in a hospital at Staunton, Virginia. He was fifty-six.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Embracing the Impossible.—GUEST—"Gosh, I wish I could afford a car like this!"
OWNER—"So do I."—*Judge.*

For Sobriety, Try a Monocle.—She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.—*Pitt Panther.*

No Academic Privilege.—COLLEGE LAD (arrested for speeding)—"But, your honor, I am a college boy."
JUDGE—"Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody!"—*Troubadour.*

Man Wants But Little Here Below.—"Is this train ever on time?" growled the grouchy passenger.
"Oh," replied the conductor, "we never worry about it being on time. We're satisfied if it's on the track."
—*Stray Bits.*

Brain Work. — MISTRESS —"I can see a spider web in the corner, Ethel! To what do you attribute that?"
MAID — "To a spider, ma'am."—*Travaso* (*Rome*).

Let Him Go Hungry.—An anti-tobacco leaflet says a cannibal will not eat the meat of a man who has used tobacco. But what of it? Who's going to go without tobacco just to pamper a cannibal? — *Macon* (*Ga.*) *Telegraph.*

All Forgiven. — Smith was standing before the judge for having injured his wife.
JUDGE—"You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second-story through forgetfulness?"
SMITH—"Yes, we used to live on the ground floor, and I'd clean forgotten we'd moved!"
—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung* (*Cologne*).

Fussy Boarder. — JACK — "Why did you break with Alice? I thought you were crazy about her?"
JIM—"I am, but I decided I couldn't stand it to live with her folks."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

He Might Caw.—Mr. Crowe was a devout church-goer. The young minister of his church was also devout, but easily embarrassed. Imagine the consternation of Mr. Crowe and the delight of the congregation when the young divine solemnly said at a prayer meeting: "And now, will Brother Pray please crow for us?"—*Chicago News.*

Immortalizing Anna.—A University student, when sitting for an examination, was asked to compose one verse of poetry including the words "analyse" and "anatomy."
He wrote:

My analyse over the ocean,
My analyse over the sea,
Oh, who will go over the ocean
And bring back my anatomy.

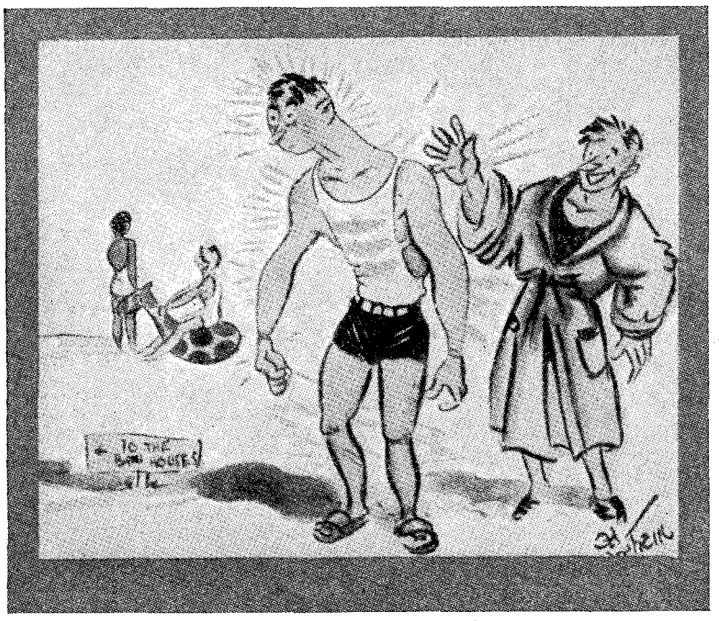
—*Glasgow Record.*

Mrs. Leo Hunter's Prize.—LITERARY HOSTESS—"And you really have never written a book! How quaint!"—*Life.*

Beyond All Rivals. — "Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?"
"Absolutely—and the nicest."—*Boston Transcript.*

Give Him an Even Break.—"This vase is 2,000 years old. Be very careful in carrying it."
"You can depend on me, professor; I'll be as careful of it as if it were new!"—*Munich Lustige Blaetter.*

The Gee-Gee Is Laughing Last.—The true value of horse sense is clearly shown by the fact that the horse was afraid of the automobile during the period in which the pedestrian laughed at it.—*The Louisville Times.*



Sunburned Vacationer—"Hit me again! If I'm goin' back to the office to-morrow—I gotta get used to it!" —"Judge."

Real Cooperation. — HER FATHER — "I doubt very much whether you would be able to support my daughter. I can hardly do it myself."
THE SUITOR (brightly)—"Let's pool our resources!"—*Pearson's.*

Now Teach Him the Crawl Stroke.—CLERGYMAN (to Mrs. Jones, whose little son has just been christened)—"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I have never seen a child that has behaved so well at a christening!"
MRS. JONES—"Well, you see, it's because my husband and I have been practising on him with a watering can for a whole week!"—*Enrolig Timma* (*Göteburg*).

Putting Over a Swift One.—He had proposed and the girl had turned him down.
"Ah, well," he sighed dejectedly, "I suppose I'll never marry now."
The girl couldn't help laughing a little, she was so flattered
"You silly boy!" she said. "Because I've turned you down, that doesn't mean that other girls will do the same."
"Of course it does," he returned with a faint smile. "If you won't have me, who will?"—*Answers.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Page the Poetry Editor.—Eleven hurt as muses collide on Jackson Boulevard.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Plain Self-Defense—Mr. Kelly said he fired at Wright when he believed the young man was starting toward him with a wife.—*Bristol* (*Va.-Tenn.*) *paper.*

Getting Down to Brass Tacks.—H—— and Miss —— went to country high-school together in Kansas, and their marriage will stop a romance begun between them there.—*Charlotte* (*W. Va.*) *Gazette.*

Condensed Cannon Fodder.—Germans are so small that there may be as many as one billion, seven hundred million of them in a drop of water.—*Mobile Press.*

Blowing Hot and Cold.—3 Men Wanted.—Selling experience essential but not necessary.—*Ad. in the New Bedford Evening Standard.*

So to Speak.—We have not done any business with firms or persons in America since Prohibition came into farce in that country.—*London dispatch in the New York Sun.*

Ta-ra-ra-rum-de-ay! — Erie, Pa.—Sixty Boy Scouts left here in two big buses, bound for New York.
The Erie caravan contains the recently formed rum and bugle corps.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

What's Its Pet Name? — Professor Kurt Viesinger of Zurich, Switzerland, has invented a simple little locomotive, which he calls the hochdruckkondenensationdampflokotive.—*Macon* (*Mo.*) *paper.*

Did Louis Lie About his Age?—At a supper party she gave, she showed me with pride a superb settee. "Look at that," she said. "Genuine Louis XVI, and over six hundred years old!"—*London Evening Standard.*

Says You!—

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STEPINS, BLOOMERS

Just at the right moment comes this sale of summery rayon undies, at a price you can not afford.....44c
—*Ad. in the Tarrytown* (*N. Y.*) *News.*

Show that Made Good.—Carelessness on the part of two visitors at the Eastport Fire Company's carnival Saturday night resulted in injury to both. Robert Bentley, twenty-three, is in the Emergency Hospital rather seriously injured as a result of a fall.
A small Negro boy was injured when he fell from a revolving apparatus.
The carnival is proving a worthwhile attraction. — *Annapolis* (*Md.*) *Evening Capital.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

affect; effect.—"E. E. U.," Chicago, Ill.—The first of these words is derived from the Latin *affectare*, "to attract toward or to draw to oneself." In one of its senses it means "pretend or assume"; in another, it means "to concern and influence." We *affect* by assuming airs that are not our own, and we *affect* learning or pretend to it. We are *affected* by that which produces a specific alteration of our mental or bodily condition, and we *affect* clothes of a particular kind for the purpose of impressing the people in our favor. Men always *affect* that which is supposed to please others in order to gain their admiration or applause, and so a man who *affects* good clothing does so to create or *effect* a favorable impression.

That which is *effected* is both produced and performed. *Effect* is from the Latin *effectus*, participle of *efficio*, compounded of *e* and *facio*, and signifies "to make out anything." To *effect* is to produce an effect by performing. It always requires an agent to *effect*.

Affect means "to have an influence or effect on; concern or cause a change in." *Effect* means "to bring about; do; produce; result in; have as a result." We hope to *effect* an improvement in our condition by *affecting* (assuming) an air of prosperity. But *affect* means also "to have an affection or liking for; to take to; to show a preference for; particularly, to like to wear, to use, to prize, or to frequent." Since 1642, woman has much *affected* rich and costly apparel. As in garments, so in government the people are continually *affecting* new fashions.

Finally, *effect* means "to bring about"; *affect* means "to influence." A forceful president may *effect* a reform but his ideas will *affect* the character of that reform.

booths; cloths; moths.—"W. O. J.," Syracuse, N. Y.—The word *booths* is pronounced either with the *th* as in *thin* or as in *this*, the latter being preferred. The words *cloths* and *moths* are pronounced with the *th* as in *thin*.

cinema.—"E. C. M.," Summit, S. D.—The correct pronunciation of this word is *sin'a-ma*—*i* as in "hit," and the *a*'s as in "final."

diction, enunciation, expression.—"W. K.," New York City.—The first of these words is from the Latin *dico*, "say," and is strictly the use, choice, and arrangement of words and mode of expression. *Enunciation* is the manner in which vocal sounds are spoken. The word is derived from the Latin *enuntio*, "speak out"; from *e*, "out," and *nuntio*, "tell." *Enunciation* may be good or bad, clear or cloudy. *Expression* is effective utterance of thought or feeling accompanied by gestures and such changes of the features as register the emotions experienced by the speaker.

drama.—"H. I. B.," Newton Upper Falls, Mass.—The correct pronunciation is *dra'ma*—the first *a* as in "art," the last *a* as in "sofa." The pronunciation *dray'ma* is provincial. It was common in New England a century ago when Worcester indicated it in his dictionary, but that is obsolete now.

enthusiasm, zeal.—"M. C.," Jersey City, N. J.—The first of these words is from the Greek and connotes a quality inspired from above (*en*, in, and *theos*, god). It differs from *zeal* in that it is an exalted state of the mind in which the imagination dominates the judgment. As an ecstatic state it sometimes is so exaggerated as to lead to frenzy. The enthusiast is dominated by his emotions. *Zeal*, from the Greek *zelos*, is from *zeō*, burn, and connotes ardor (from the Latin *ardeo*, "burn") of an intense character for a person or cause. *Zeal* is a term that has deceived many, for it has served to conceal so many passions that much mischief has risen out of it and mankind would have benefited had it never been estimated a virtue.

finesse.—"F. L.," New York City.—As the quality of being dexterous, artful, or skilful, *finesse* is used when one means skilful in artifice or stratagem. A man who lacks *finesse* is a good, plain, decent citizen. A man of *finesse* is one up to all kinds of tricks, artifices, or stratagems to obtain his end. *Finesse* is the weapon with which the trimmer trims his prey. The word does not mean *culture*, and is not a word to be used as a synonym for it.

generation.—"B. J. G.," New York City.—As applied to the body of individuals born about the same period, this word is reckoned historically as thirty years of the century, giving, for example, our parents, ourselves, and our offspring as the three generations in a hundred years. Altho it has occasionally happened that one's great grandparents have lived in one's lifetime, it is unusual, so the interval of time between the birth of parents, their children, and their grandchildren is commonly computed at thirty years. Perhaps it should have been computed at thirty-three and a third years.

haywire.—"W. H. McC.," Boulder, Colo.—The word *haywire* is used to mean "gone wrong," and when applied to a person, it indicates simply that, but elsewhere it has long been applied to anything that has gone askew, and so, from things gone wrong, the term has come to designate either a person or thing wrong.

hoo! ho!—"H. B.," Baltimore, Md.—The hail used by children has been traced to "ho! ho!" and to the Scots "hoo," used to attract attention, or to scare away birds. The call is a *hoo*, the verb is *to hoo*. Watt in his "Poems," written in 1827, made use of the term, as did Jamie in his "Muse," published in 1844: "And noo the *hooing* it began." The term worked its way into northern England, being met in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire. According to *The Yorkshire Weekly Post*, it meant "to howl or jeer at," and was used as a synonym of *hoot*. Jameson records the word as occurring also in Cumberland for "hallo."

Italy, Italian.—"L. S.," Scotia, Calif.—Even in Italy the country is *I-ta'lya*. With us, the country is *It'a-ly*—the *i* being short. The noun designating a native is *I-tal'i-an*, with the initial *i* still short. The pronunciation *eye-talian* is illiterate.

juvenile.—"E. H.," Cumberland, Wis.—This word is pronounced *ju'vi-nil* (*u* as in "rule," *i* as in "habit," and *i* as in "hit") in the United States, but in England the final *i* is given the sound of *ai* as in "aisle."

mether; madder.—"A. L. V.," Madison, Wis.—*Mether* is a variant form of *madder*. It is an Anglo-Irish word, and means a square wooden drinking vessel.

minute.—"L. A. J.," Long Beach, Calif.—*Minute*, adjective, according to the dictionary, is pronounced *mi-niut'* —*i* as in "habit," *iu* as *eu* in "feud." This pronunciation is indicated by all modern dictionaries. The pronunciation *mai-niut'* —*ai* as in "aisle," *iu* as *eu* in "feud"—is very commonly heard in familiar conversation on both sides of the Atlantic, and is perhaps an endeavor to make a distinction between the adjective and the noun.

molding, moulding.—"E. S. B.," Boston, Mass.—The difference in spelling arises from the English practise which traces *moulding* from the Modern French *moule*, which in Old French was *mole*, and Earlier Northern French *molde*. The earliest form in English occurs in Langland's "Piers Plowman" (B. xi, 341), written about 1362; there the form *molde* is used. *Molding*, for a decorative strip of woodwork shaped as if in a mold or matrix, and prepared for application, has been in use since 1679. A century later the word was spelled with a "u," perhaps by some one who did not know that the earlier form was correct, as derived from the Old Northern French parent term *molde*, used by Langland in his famous poem.

periagua.—"G. V. F.," Yonkers, N. Y.—*Periauger* is an obsolete form of *periagua*, a canoe made of one or two logs hollowed out, as a dugout, or a vessel made by widening a large canoe by cutting it in two lengthwise, and inserting a plank in between the two halves.

Pittsburgh.—"S. J. McD.," Houston, Tex.—The name of the city of *Pittsburgh* was spelled with the final "h" from its very beginning as a city. About 1889, the United States Board on Geographical Names dropped the "h." Notwithstanding this, the city continued to use the "h" in its official documents, and in 1911, the United States Geographic Board rescinded its regulation and the "h" was restored.

premier.—"W. A. D.," San Francisco, Calif.—This English word is pronounced *pree'mi-er* or *prem'yar*. The French pronunciation is *pre-mye'*—the first *e* as in "over," the *y* as in "yet," and the second *e* as in "prey."

Samurai.—"J. F. B.," Kingman, Kan.—The correct pronunciation of this Japanese word is *sa'mu-rai*—*a* as in "art," *u* as in "full," and *ai* as in "aisle."

sirloin.—"T. H. D.," Jackson Heights, N. Y.—As this word figured in the accounts of the English Ironmongers' Company for the reign of King Henry VI.—1422-1461—which were quoted by Wedgwood in his "English Etymological Dictionary" (1872): "A *surloyne* beeff viid," the story of its origin, through a king's whim to confer the dignity of knighthood on a round of beef, that was first told in 1655, even after sponsorship by Dean Swift in 1732, fails to impress modern etymologists. The true source of *surloin*, as it should be spelled, is French *sur*, "above," and *longe*, "loin," but the common belief of the legend has established the erroneous spelling in the language. It is interesting to note, however, that when the story was first told, Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector of England!

tour.—"E. B.," Fort Worth, Tex.—*Tour* is a turn or shift, and is a monosyllabic word pronounced *tur*—*u* as in "rule"; not *tow'er* which rimes with *flower*. *Tour* is derived from the French word of the same form, which means a journey.

A CORRECTION:—In the treatment of the words *bull* and *bear*, printed in this column in the issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST for June 14, the term *seller* should have read *buyer*.

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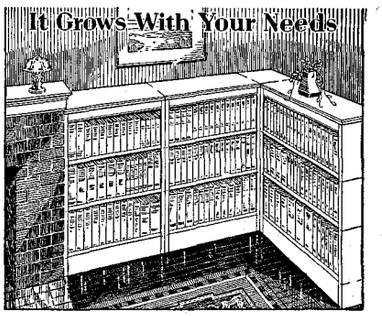

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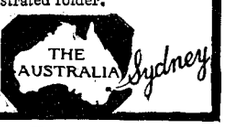

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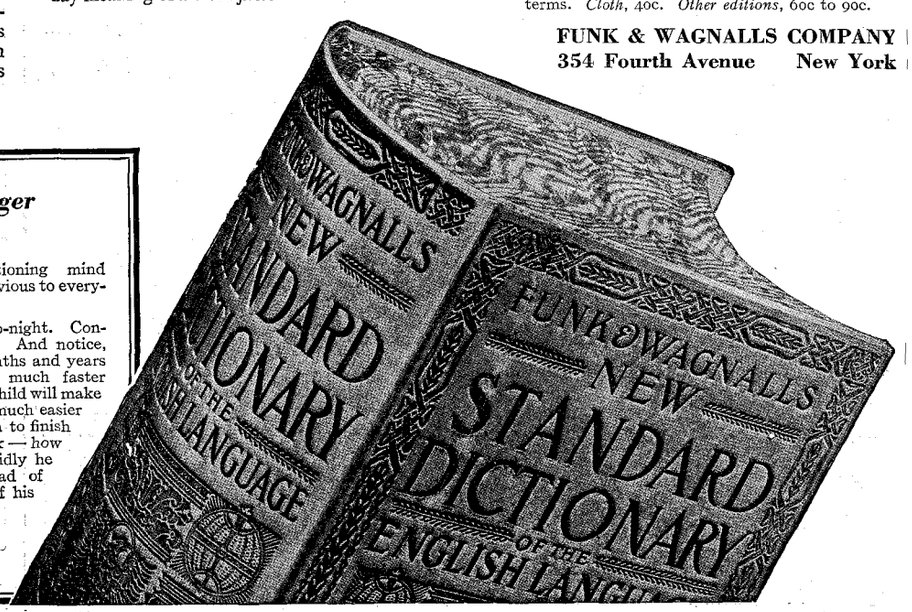

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